

ZION'S HERALD

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One day the Crown Prince of Germany heard an uproar in his nursery. He stepped in to inquire, and the nurse said, "Prince Henry refuses to be washed." "What, my son, will you not be washed and made clean?" "No, I won't be washed," he petulantly responded, "I don't like to be washed. Let me be!" "Well," said Fritz, "if that is his choice let him be. He need not be washed!" Away he bounded with great glee at having conquered the nurse, and getting his own way. By and by the nurse and Prince Henry took a ride through the Thier garden and streets of Berlin. He soon noticed that the sentries stationed all over the city, did not give them the customary salute. "Why don't the soldiers present arms, nurse?" "I cannot tell," she said, "we are dressed correctly, are in the royal carriage, and I cannot guess why they refuse us the honors." At eventide his papa asked Prince Henry if he had enjoyed his ride to-day? "No, papa, not a bit." "Not a bit? What can the matter be?" "Why, papa, not a soldier recognized or saluted us in driving all round the city, and we had on uniform, and rode in the royal carriage." "Ah!" he says to the lad, "soldiers did not salute you, eh? Well, you must understand, my boy, that no Prussian soldier will present arms to an unwashed prince!"

So it will be with you, sinner, at that great gathering where God's angels will discern between the righteous and the wicked. Some will be washed and clean; their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, and some will be in their sins, shame, and blood. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. On such the second death shall have no power. There entereth into that city nothing that defileth, or maketh a lie. Without are the unclean; within the pure. No angel or soldier of the Prince of Life will give a welcome or admission to an unwashed prince, though he may have on the trappings of royalty. Christ meant it for you in the deepest and broadest sense, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." O wash, and be clean!

To those familiar with the affairs of Boston University it is not necessary to say that the items which from time to time appear in the daily prints in reference to the early establishment of its academical department, and the very large amount of its present endowment, are unauthorized by the facts in the case. The estate of Mr. Rich will probably net the noble sum of \$1,000,000. The income of this, however, will not be available for a number of years. The University, while peculiarly prosperous at the present hour in its theological, law and musical departments, is greatly crippled for lack of funds. It has extraordinary opportunities within its reach, and only needs adequate means to avail itself of them. It sadly requires at this time an increase of its income by many thousand dollars, to meet its necessary expenses, and to save it from embarrassing debts. Its friends will never find a better opportunity to have their pecuniary aid appreciated than at the present time.

The last *Christian Advocate* calls attention to the effect of a letter of Dr. John Hall, which appeared some time since in a Presbyterian paper, and struck us then as eminently suggestive, in relation to the need of some regular official visitation and supervision of Presbyterian churches, to secure uniformity, activity, and purity of doctrine and practice in the associated local bodies. He referred to the Episcopalians, Methodist and Protestant, as an illustration of the nature and value of the visitations secured by their form of administering Church government. The paper of Dr. Hall awakened no little discussion, and many favorable expressions from individuals connected with Presbyterian and less stringent organizations. Just as we are, in some dis-

tricts, seeking to relieve ourselves of this Presiding Elder supervision, other religious bodies are waking up to its admirable possibilities. With such illustrations of its vitality and usefulness as we have in this vicinity, it is safe to prophecy for it a hearty appreciation and generous support.

Dr. Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne died suddenly in Geneva, Switzerland, last week. He was born in the same city, Aug. 16, 1794, and was, therefore, seventy-eight years of age. He was educated in the University of his native city, was ordained in 1817, and, for a time, was the pastor of a French church in Hamburg. He afterwards became the favorite crown preacher of the King of Holland, at Brussels. In 1830 he returned to Geneva, and became Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary founded by the Evangelical Society. His thorough conversion to an experimental acquaintance with the Gospel was due to a personal friendship formed with the devout Scotch brothers Haldanes. He spent thirty years upon his great work, "The History of the Reformation in the 16th Century." Three editions of this have been sold in France, and 200,000 copies in the English language, a very considerable proportion of the latter in this country. He has also written a history of "Cromwell's Protectorate," and the "Recollections of a Swiss Minister." His influence has been powerfully felt in all efforts to bring Protestant Christians into closer union, and the silent effect of his devout and active piety has been manifest throughout European Christendom. His books brought him comparative affluence, and he has freely and generously opened his house for the entertainment of Christian visitors, drawn to Geneva both by its historic memorials, and by the reputation of its great professor in ecclesiastical history.

The San Francisco *Advocate* devotes an entire page to a calm, kind, and very interesting statement by Rev. W. R. Gober, for twenty-one years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of the reasons influencing him in the change of his relations to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He believes that the hour is come for "one Methodism," and he gives a practical illustration of his opinions. He is said to be a man of talent, and of marked devotion to his work. He leaves his former friends with the kindest feelings, and with the evident persuasion of a man following sincere convictions of duty.

The *Missionary Advocate* for October has a full table of instructive contents. It is rather a paper for the minister than for the family; and as it is chiefly distributed in families, it will fail of its chief object. It has an interesting letter from Rev. E. W. Parker, of India. Rev. T. J. Scott presents an able discussion of the question of a missionary lectureship in connection with some of our institutions. An encouraging letter comes from Superintendent Witting, of Sweden; and a good editorial miscellany fills the pages of the Secretaries. It is too solid a paper for the end sought, but not elaborate enough for the full development of the great theme of the world's evangelization.

The Eastern Railroad has in its last casualty the sympathy rather than the condemnation of the community. This sad event, which brought so much sorrow to bereaved families, and pain to surviving sufferers, seems to have been one against which the best care cannot always effectually provide. The chief injury to life and limb, however, occurred in the cars belonging to the other road, which has not availed itself of the new patent coupling. Since the Revere disaster, every practical suggestion to secure the safety of passengers has been

taken, almost regardless of expense. The last and most interesting precaution has just gone into operation.

Hall's Electric Signal System is nearly completed, and will soon be applied to the entire main line, by which collisions will be well nigh impossible; for this ingenious automatic contrivance will not allow trains on the road to come nearer each other than one mile. The driving-wheel of a passing engine strikes a lever which instantly works an apparatus operated by galvanic batteries, raising the ominous red or danger signal, and keeping it in sight till the train is at least a mile away, when it is withdrawn. A lighted lamp behind each of the signals at night, makes it a prominent and inevitable monitor to the engineer's eye. By the same appliance, highway crossings are protected by placing one of the levers, which operate the ingenious mechanism, at any desired distance from the perilous point, and the thundering train will either throw out the flag for the faithful warning, or set a gong to striking the alarm to carriage or pedestrian. We commend this instance of noble railway enterprise to all our railroad managers, and congratulate the patrons of Mr. Prescott's now admirably handled line on the additional means of safety thus secured. We have heretofore stated, that on this line, ministers will be permitted to travel on half fare.

In the prevalent irreverence for sacred things, and the growing laxity in the observance of the Sabbath, it is a wholesome tonic to catch a breath of old Puritanic strictness, particularly when evidently a matter of thoughtful conscientiousness. The late Hon. Henry Hogeboom, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of New York, — a man of culture, an able magistrate, and an eminent Christian — in his last sickness, requested that his funeral should not take place on Sunday. To secure this more effectually, he gave specific directions on what day it should be held, providing his death occurred on given days of the week. To those who have witnessed the bustle and confusion — the interruption of religious services, the detention from Christian work of those who felt it to be a duty to attend the funeral exercises, the additional burden upon the minister on the day when his service is all that he can safely endure, — the thoughtfulness and scrupulousness of the Christian judge will be appreciated.

The last two issues of the *Central Christian Advocate* contain papers of remarkable interest, from the pen of Bishop Haven, entitled, "A week in Germany." The Bishop presided at the German Conference which lately met in Quincy, Ill. In these letters he gives interesting details of our German work in the United States, and characteristic sketches of some of their leading ministers, drawn in such sharp and striking outlines, as only the Bishop's pen can picture. These letters will certainly give their readers a new idea of our work among the tens of thousands of brave and frugal Teutons who are now thronging our Western towns. The German work is small in the Eastern and Middle States, but there are three hundred circuits and stations between Ohio and Colorado. The ministry is able, eloquent, many learned, and as a body eminently devout and successful as evangelists. The communicants are numbered by thousands, and are constantly increasing. This German work is of national interest. The Bishop promises to give our readers an account of it.

The *Heathen Woman's Friend* for November, is out with its usual promptness, and will win favor for itself in every family where it finds entrance. It opens with a memorial poem to the late lamented Mrs. Waugh, by Prof. W. P. Jones. Its remaining pages are filled with very entertaining papers and editorial jottings, and will be very sure to hold the eye and mellow the heart of one who opens its fair leaves.

Original and Selected Papers.

LOOKING UP-HILL.

BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

Chill by me blows the autumn air,
While I stand with eyes on the hill-top, where
Late grass rods with its yellowing heads,
And downy old asters drop to shreds.

I lean upon the wall, to see
If I can cheat myself, and be
Once more on a hillside far and high,
Where heavy laden wheat-ears lie.

Then at the right stand oaks a-row,
Not like the maples I used to know;
The other hill, when it met my eye,
With gold of wheat and gold of rye,
Stood up against a clear blue sky.

And from its top—what can I say
Of the glory that I saw that day?
In the east were purple peaks and grey;
In the west, the long lake-valley lay.

Beyond it, tree-crowned hills stood fast,
Behind them higher ones, and last
Come mountains, faint and bare and vast.

Shall I climb this hill to see my peaks?
My eager eye their outline seeks;
No! All I see from the grassy steep
Will be low hills, and woodlands deep;
A river's gleam; no lake is nigh,
No gold of wheat or gold of rye.

I wake from dreaming, and try no more
To "make believe," as I've done before
That hills are mountains, or every slope
Leads to my vision and my hope.

FEATHERS DROPPED FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

THE REGIONS BEYOND.

I am going to take you to a region of which most of you never heard before, Pembina, Fort Garry, the Assiniboine, the Saskatchewan. Are not these strange names? They were to me last mid-summer. The last only I had heard of, but it was as some far-off Central Africa spot, which had no real local habitation in my brain. I had heard of an insurrection up there, or down there, as they would say here, and of one Riel, whom the Dominion movement sought to subdue, and couldn't get at, because he could be reached only across the United States; and Gen. Grant, the terrible beast, brute, ignoramus, and all that, which he is (see *Golden Age, Tribune*, and other mild-worded sheets), their troops travel in our cars to their own territory. This I had heard, and I had read a letter gloriously describing this glowing land, by Morley Punshon, not yet "Sir," as well as "Rev.," but on the way thither. But it was still "only a dream at the best." It was "Cathay," or "the Isles of the Blest," or "Atlantia," the fabled, not the Georgian reality, or the North Pole Land, or anything but substance and fact. Yet I have been on its borders, into its atmosphere, right where the wagons start for it; have seen its buffalo-herds, if not buffaloes moving across the plains by the thou-and, and I know, after a sort, the Saskatchewan. Do you want to know it too? Well, then come to Morehead. The stage for Fort Garry, 225 miles above, is full. It will put you through in a night and a day. Fifty miles north lies a steamer that is not full, and will put you through in about three days. As this passage is given us, we take no note of time, keeping thereby other and more valuable notes to note, and start for the steamer. A light wagon, a pair of horses, a company of four, besides the driver, a pleasant summer morning, and a boundless prairie, so far as vision goes, are the points of the picture. We move out of Morehead gladly, and instantly take to the plains. A belt of timber on our left is the Red River bank. All these prairie rivers I have seen have this timber belt. It is from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width, and is composed of elm, oak, and maple chiefly. It winds in and out with the winding river, but is so regular that its angles on a stretch of a score of miles, look like a perfect system of re-entrant and projecting points. The land is partially cultivated, though much of it is yet untouched. The Buffalo and Wind River timber shut this prairie partially in, and make a park of fifty to a hundred square miles, a narrow limit in this boundless sea of soil.

A Morehead brother met a yellow bear when riding out here with his wife, a few weeks before. What would a Boston gentleman say to such an adventure, as he was taking his afternoon drive with his lady, about the woods of Malden or Newton? This brother doesn't brag of his adventures. Would the Yankee be as modest? I had no glimpse of bear or deer, or any creature save prairie hen and hawk, and an eagle or two that hung on the blasted tree-tops of the river bank.

Sixteen miles out we pass Georgetown, once a station

of the Hudson's Bay Company, which they thought in their own country, though it was over a hundred miles inside our lines. It was a little solace to know that our good cousins across the border had to back out of any of their fancied possessions, though they have always kept their real ones, not to say ours. Here we cross the Red River, and enter

DAKOTAH.

It is the same land, only the western horizon is treeless, and therefore limitless. The sky shuts down on the earth, and the earth and sky recede as we advance, never offering obstacles to the eye, save its own lack of power. On the right now waves in and out the Red River fringe of timber, a scollop of green that well sets forth the yellowing prairie. Along its edge, every one hundred and sixty acres, stands the log-but of the Norwegian, who have pre-empted all their rich bottoms for fifty miles and over. The slower Yankee will have to push into the open prairie. They are cunninger yet, and quarter their quarter section into four forties along the river, increasing their timber and the value of their farms.

We pull for a green point twenty miles ahead. It comes nearer and nearer very slowly. The Indian walks towards us, a scowling Sioux. Two or three they come. Is it peace or war? We are unarmed, and their long rifles look ugly, especially when matched with their long plumes, bright robes, and brown, long faces.

There are rumors that these are of a very hostile sort, and had we been Chippewas, we should have felt their knife, had they not first felt ours. But their mood is peaceful to-day, and they "How! How!" to us in grimace and grunt, and we pass relievedly on. Long trails of carts come slowly into the horizon, creep up to us and past us. They are ox-carts, laden with buffalo skins; three teams under charge of two men, and seven to ten teams traveling in company. These bales of buffaloes are less fearful than those fellows would have been, which, had we tramped this prairie but a few years ago, we should have often heard. The ventures now are at the base of the Rocky Mountains, clear across the Saskatchewan Valley. There still they roam, though some say in diminished numbers, and some say not.

Elm River is made. It is a creek a dozen feet wide. Here is a log-hut, stable and keeping-room in one, for the stage-route men and horses. The room is occupied by a young Syracuse mother and her baby, which cries with ceaseless torment of heat and mosquitoes; also, with a trim Norwegian lass, who cooks the dinners of the coming passengers, in the cleanest of white; the first time I ever saw a kitchen cook at her work in that apparel. She became it well, and made the dishes seem more delectable. These Norwegians are intelligent, and will make excellent Americans. They are coming into our Church very rapidly. A district of them is organized in the Wisconsin and the Minnesota Conference, each of which is flourishing finely.

Thus we ride from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, over the level floor, broken only twice or thrice by gullies even. The prairie floor is hard to-day, except a few miles of softer, and therefore rougher surfaces. It is delightful, but that the wind is behind us, and drives the mosquitoes along our side; a close communion that we, not being Baptists, heartily dislike.

But the longest lane has a turning, and so has the longest prairie a conclusion. Fifty-two miles find us at Frog Point, when the only frog in sight is a steamer, about twenty feet wide and sixty long, with its wheel splashing behind like a frog's legs, pushing the water away from him, and thus kicking himself forward. The prow is nosed like a frog, and the back humped after his fashion. Probably that steamer "International," high sounding name, is why it is called Frog Point. Do you see the point of it? It wriggles down the wriggling river too, very like a frog, now running its nose into the soft mud, now rubbing along the bank, now backing and filling to get round these short, sharp corners. The banks are steep and soft, and densely wooded, and more densely mosquitoed. The Red River of the north is no great of a river here. But as we push down stream it broadens; in the morning we are at Grand Forks, the junction of the Red Lake River with this, which should be called the Otter tail, as it rises in that lake, far back among the Leaf mountains, not far from Brainerd. The captain lives here, and offers a personage and church if he can have a minister sent here. It is twenty-four hours' paddling down stream before Pembina is reached, and the forty-ninth parallel. Morning breaks grey and unhappy over our entrance to a foreign land. We eat away the time, and read it away, and write it away, and look it away. The woods are gone, and huts and half-breeds are come. The French is lost in the Indian, and poorly-

cultured farms, cabins less cultured, and people least cultured line stragglingly the banks. Long after night-fall we reach the English settlement, and our two days' trip on this broadening river is done.

Here is Fort Garry, the British fort held for months by the French half-breed Riel, who raised the standard of rebellion against Canada, because that government had declared, or it was expected would declare, all these long occupied lands open to all settlers. A force cut its way through the forests from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and so subdued Riel. But he still lives, and has just withdrawn from a candidacy to Parliament in favor of Sir George Cartier, a leading government official, which ties the government yet closer to him.

Here is a large English and Scotch settlement, with Yankees enough to give it enterprise and a future. Chief of these Yankees is Mr. Taylor, our consul, a clever, pleasant gentleman, whom the Dominionites cleave to as closely as the Yankee invaders. We visit him near midnight, and find the stars flying under the stars. I don't know as he ever furls that flag. I hope not, it flapped so good in our eyes that breezy midnight. May it wave so to every homesick wanderer.

The Wesleyan preacher, Rev. George Young, received us graciously, being roused by some Canadian Methodists, who presumed on his hospitality with a national liberty; and the next day being the Sabbath, we enjoyed the ministrations of Grace Church, as his pretty church is prettily named. He is chairman of the District of Manitoba, pronounced with accent on the last syllable, if pronounced aright. Lately, Dr. Punshon presided over a Conference of this, and the Saskatchewan districts in this church. The chairman of the latter district came near a thousand miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains with nine horses, running along his back-board wagon, which consist of four wheels, and a spring seat attachment. As two horses grew tired they were unharnessed, and other two put in, while they trotted cheerfully alongside the wagon. These districts are being well cultivated, and will yet yield much fruit to Christ, and much honor to their self-sacrificing cultivators.

The Episcopalians, Romanists, and Presbyterians are running an ecclesiastical race. Opposite the river is the residence of Archbishop Tache, and his cathedral, a leading spirit of the realm, whose subjects are almost exclusively Indians, and French half-breeds. A poor body of troops to win a permanent success. A little below is the cathedral, and residence of the Episcopal bishop, whose chief curate, dean, or rector was a bonny and brawny Scotchman, whose black suit, leggings, and all, red face, full habit, and exceedingly hearty and vociferous tones, spake at once his high-churchism, good living, and Scotch origin. He has no dealings with the prelate across, or the preacher above, or the presbyter below.

Dr. Black probably repays his Scotch hierarch in kind, and from his college and kirk, gives scorn for scorn. His settlement is the most novel of all. The name of Selkirk you might fancy is given it, because of its solitude. So I thought when I saw a steamer of that name, but it comes from Lord Selkirk, who took pity on the tenants driven from their homes by the Duke of Sutherland, some sixty years ago, and sent a large company of them by the way of Hudson's Bay to this settlement of that company. It was an old settlement when they came. They took a part of this bank, and we walked a few rods from the river on a footpath in front of their homes, some clay biggins yet, like those they left in Scotland, some wooden houses of more comfortable sort. The soil yieldeth abundantly, and after fifty years of culture, and not an ounce of enrichment, it brings forth a bigger and better crop than Minnesota's virgin fields, or the long enriched and harvested acres of New York and Ohio.

The wheat, I could not test, but the milk, I did. Mr. Taylor everybody knew, and seemed delighted to know, and he caused to be brought forth from the milk-closet of Mrs. Matheson, or Sutherland, or some other familiar Scotch family name, milk that seemed six inches thick with cream, as they say the soil is six feet thick with fatness. Ah, how the watered weakness of city tables grew pale and thin before this thick richness of the Red River dairy!

The settlement stretches twenty miles along the river, and is well cultivated all the way. It is caught with the railroad fever. The road from St. Paul via Glyndon, is at Pembina. Next year it will be here. And the year after will see it stretching over that vast valley of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, to British Columbia and the Pacific Sea. Jay Cooke will do it, and the Dominion be glad to let him. The valley of the Saskatchewan begins twenty miles to the north, where that swift river empties into Winnipeg, and goes back to the Rocky Mountains. It is an open, level, cultivatable

land. Right here, from this flat spot, you can start due west, and by fording a few streams reach with hardly a rise or fall that western ridge. The valley here is a part of that at Glyndon, the identical unobstructed level. It sends its breezes, snows, grasshoppers, and mosquitoes straight to that Yankee corner on the prairie. It had, probably, sent all the mosquitoes, as none of them here put in an appearance or a bill, but the grasshoppers did. They were a burden indeed, and by the farmer far more dreaded than their annoying fellow. How close Glyndon and Winnipeg, and may be gathered from a remark of the landlord at the former place: A-king what sort of winters they had, he replied, "Good, except when the snow blows." "And how often is that?" "Five days out of seven." "Does it snow?" "No, not at all, it blows!" "Then it is a perpetual snow-storm." "Yes, the snow blows a thousand miles, clear from McKenzie's river." You can see here how easily this Americanism can be fulfilled. It is only to keep in a straight line, on a level road, with no obstruction, for a week or two, and the arctic snows lie soft on Glyndon's plain. There is an everlasting snow-storm, and no snow fall. But the winter is over and gone after awhile, and the seed leaps from the ground. Sown in June, and gathered in August, is the law of this hamlet. A long rest, and swift work.

We turn our faces southward and homeward, get off at British Pembina, and walk a mile or two to the American crossing, in the 49th parallel, and clipping a sliver from the stake that separates the two brothers, and makes enemies of those who like kindred drops should mingle into one (a new figure); visit the Ojibbwas in their lodges at the American town, horribly dirty, idle, poor, and wretched, but free; take to the boat and the mosquitoes; again meet them in battle array that night, while the boat is wooding up, and are utterly discomfited in the conflict; look at the lone waters all day long, and day long, and day long, three days in all, as we slowly stem the slow current, among the forests primeval; reach Frog Point at last, too late for a stage that night, and therefore compelled to fight the winged Red River tiger again all the night long; have a storm before us, the whole fifty miles to Morehead, turning the prairie to mud, and making us so slow that darkness settles down on us, winds drive over us, and we lose sight of our way, not ten miles from town, and find it again only after many attempts to light our stage lanterns, giving us a touch of prairie travel in its disagreeable aspects, which makes us not envious of stage-drivers any more. A boyish passion would have been thoroughly cured in that day's ride, if it had been yet alive.

The Morehead Hotel is reached too late for a projected stage-ride all night long to Breckenridge, and the North Pacific Exploration is accomplished. "Safe from a foreign shore," we cheerfully sing, and take our bed in a crowded "construction" tavern, as gladly as we would have taken the bed of down in William's palace on the Rhine, where once slept happy Victoria and Albert. The regions beyond are yours, so far as I can make them. The farthest flight of this wing is accomplished. It wheels homeward, and grows familiar and tame. Another feather may fall before the wandering bird reaches its momentary perch, and may not.

"DOUBT IS THE NEW KING OF THOUGHT."

BY REV. A. C. ROSE.

So says my good Brother Bidwell, in his address to young ministers; but is it true? Is it not the old king of thought and rebellion against God who swayed his sceptre over the antediluvians, and who dethroned angels, and sent them to seduce Eve and her partner from Eden? His clothes may have got rusty and shabby that he wore then, so that he must needs have changed them, but he is the same old body and soul that said, "Ye shall not surely die," to Eve; and to Noah, "You prophecy falsely;" and to Christ, "By what authority doest Thou these things?" The fact is, "men and women" have always been saying, "We doubt;" and in every age, and everywhere, the greatest barrier to piety and purity, and the spread of the Gospel, has been this everlasting doubting. This age, and the locality of New England are no more distinguished in this regard than were the age of miracles, and the land of the patriarchs and prophets. The great appeal of God and His prophets always and everywhere to men has been and is, to "have faith in God," to "trust in the Lord," to "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Faith—personal, present, living, practical faith, has always been antagonized, and is itself an antagonist of doubt most uncompromisingly.

This being so, we need no new weapons for our warfare—no new and far-fetched arguments with which to battle the sins and subtleties of human hearts. Nor need we take counsel of our fears that we have any new-fangled and more mighty unfaith and ungodliness than

our fathers had to contend against. If there be any difference, the doubt of to-day is only the degenerate son of a more malignant and malicious sire who "wore out the bodies of saints," but who found out that this process only made their faith the more vigorous and triumphant.

My conviction is that there is less skepticism, even in New England, than twenty-five years ago, and my observation goes back to that date. I believe the genuine, old-fashioned faith of the Gospel fathers has a stronger hold of the hearts of the thinking and business men of New England to-day than in the days of Edwards, and of the mightiest minds who have swayed New England faith and intellect.

I do not write this by way of controverting my good brother, but to give a word of cheer to our young brethren in the Church and ministry, and to assure them that the labors of the past have not been lost, but that "other men have labored, and ye have entered into their labors."

EVERY DAY.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

O, trifling tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
O, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware,
Or conquer them in desperate strife;
Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water-drops
Will groove the adamantine rock;
We feel our noblest powers decay,
In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden bravery fills—
But we endure not always so
The drop-by-drop of little ills!
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dures
Canon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint away
The petty pains of every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require;—
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

—Serflover's for November.

CANON LIDDON.

The London correspondent of *The Christian Union*, William Mackey gives the following very interesting account of the personal appearance, style, manner, and discourse of Canon Liddon, one of the most popular and powerful of the ministers of the English Church, author of the strongest modern argument upon the essential Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is during a season of the year, Sunday afternoon lecturer in St. Paul's, London. Here the writer heard him:—

"The full choral service is performed, and as the organ blasts roll about the roof, you think that it will take a preacher of tremendous lung-power to make himself at all audible to this vast congregation. The preacher is Canon Liddon. As he ascends the pulpit, your surmise becomes a misgiving; your misgiving becomes incredulity. That pale-faced little man will never make himself heard, you say to yourself. He is a man of about average height; has a shaved face, intelligent, but not striking. His mouth is not large. He looks a student, and not an orator. The task before him is one of no ordinary difficulty. He has to interest some thousands of people for an hour,—people whose senses have just been appealed to by the performance of a full choral service,—people assembled in a building which has a suggestion in every stone of it of the beautiful and the sublime. I can imagine no fiercer test for a pulpit orator. To keep his congregation awake at all, his sermon must be as good in its way as Handel's music,—it must be in harmony with the vast structure and the sacred memories of the place.

"Canon Liddon has risen from his knees, and opens a small Bible which he carries in his hand. An irreverent lad sitting behind me says to his companion, 'Bet

you anything he preaches from St. Paul.' And sure enough, the preacher, in a voice distinctly audible in every corner of the vast building, reads a text from Ephesians. His voice is very powerful, not melodious, but metallic rather. The metallic note is not, however, disagreeable. It is a voice to argue in. His style is fine, scholarly, argumentative. It is founded evidently on St. Paul's. He excels especially in antithesis. Does an argument seem to limp, or some theory appear to want support? St. Paul, and St. Paul always, is hailed to the rescue. He does not affect 'beauties of style,' as flowery passages are often most erroneously termed. But his style is naturally and severely beautiful. It is a style that possesses an element essential to all beauty in oratory, namely, strength. You are not treated to nice little bits of scene-painting in which the local coloring is sedulously applied; your ear is not tickled with frequent quotations from Tennyson, and other companions of the drawing-room. The preacher has no time for trifling of that kind. He has got an important message to deliver. His arguments in favor of the acceptance of this message are of the strongest kind. The message and the argument are given with vigor and rare skill. There is no inattentive ear in the church; and although the preacher exceeds an hour by five minutes in the delivery of his sermon, there are but few signs of weariness in his audience.

"Canon Liddon holds about the same position in the esteem of members of the Church of England as the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon does in the esteem of Nonconformists. He will be known to some of my readers as one of the Bampton lecturers. His greatest successes, however, are not those of literature, but those which he has gained as one of the Sunday afternoon preachers in St. Paul's Cathedral."

There is one office of an intelligent book publisher that is not always appreciated. We have a lively sense of the amount of trash that is constantly thrown before the reading public, but we little think how much that is worse is kept back by the good sense and steady purpose of the better class of publishers. The last *Riverside Bulletin* of Hurd and Houghton, sets this point forth in its true significance:—

"We once heard a modest publisher say that he hoped he had prevented some poor books from being published. It suits the purpose of some to represent the publisher only as an innkeeper, who can refuse no one lodging that comes decorously and offers to pay the score; but as a matter of fact, the author, with more or less consciousness of need, frequently calls upon the publisher for the decision which he is incompetent to make himself. Here is this shining stuff, he says, which I found in my field. Is it gold, or only pyrites? And the assaying skill of the publisher will apply tests not in the possession of the author; that is, he will be likely to tell with tolerable accuracy whether his shining stuff, which looks as bright as gold, can buy what gold buys.

"But a publisher, serving the public on one side, and the author on the other, the active agent sometimes in procuring the production of good books, and the passive obstacles sometimes to the infliction of poor ones, has not discharged his critical function, and removed the responsibility to other shoulders, when he accepts the charge of introducing a book. There still remains to him, in connection with the manufacture of the book, the opportunity of exercising censorship, and that of a most important kind. Is the book an historical one, let him see that it is properly equipped with maps and index. Nay, he will not overstep the bounds of his office if he take it on himself to see that chapter headings and divisions make the work clear and sensible; he will be wise still if he assure himself not only that the book is true, but that it is accurate and smooth. It is for him so to study the aim of each book he publishes, as to be ready with advice respecting all its appointments and dress, and finally to know with just what degree of dignity or *aplomb* it should be presented to the public.

"It cannot be forgotten that the publisher is the last person whom a book passes. The author and the author's friends have let it go, the much-enduring public has no suspicion of what is coming, and no power to avert evil; the publisher has no absolute authority to stay or forward, but he has the opportunity many times of giving an author a sober second thought, as he has also the power to take a good thing and make it good for much more, and good for many more. We have used the term 'censorship of the press,' as if the publisher were the press; frequently he is, and always he has influence. There yet remains an interesting part of our subject, in what would more exactly meet the title we have chosen, namely, scholarship in printing-houses; of that at another time."

HUMANE LITERATURE.—It is very apparent that there is an increasing tendency to introduce humane ideas into books for children and adults. Few works, however, have been published in this country especially devoted to this subject, like the series of Partridge & Co., of London, which we have so often commended. If all American authors would aid this cause by one article each year, a great advantage would be gained, and if that article should be contributed to "*Our Dumb Animals*," thousands would be grateful! Will the authors accept our gratitude in anticipation?—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Faith is the ladder on which the believer is constantly mounting to ascend into the heavenly Canaan, from thence to bring down clusters of delicious grapes, to refresh him in his wilderness journey.

The Family.

PEEK-A-BOO.

Where is my little one hiding from me?
Where is my darling? O! where can he be?
Under the sofa and under the chair,
Still I keep looking; but no one is there!

Where is my little one? Where can he be—
Hiding so much of his sunshine from me?
O, how his musical prattle I miss!
Sure I was never so lonely as this.

No little arms to give mamma a squeeze;
No one to comfort me; no one to tease;
There on the floor is his beautiful toy;
But where in the world is my own little boy?

Coaxing won't bring him? the rogue! then I'll try
How he will feel when he hears mamma cry
"O, my dear baby! Come back to me, do!
Mamma is lonely!"—"Ha, ha! peek-a-boo!"

Peek-a-boo! roses that bloom on his cheek;
Peek-a-boo! eyes that so lovingly speak;
Peek-a-boo! "sunshine" and "mamma's delight."
While you were hiding I thought it was night.

—Nursery.

FATHERS.

BY R. H. WOOD.

"Well, well, John, I guess you had better stay at home;" and the father quietly retired from the family sitting-room, and seated himself in the cozy library.

The question whether his eldest son, a boy of twelve summers, shall go to the party that evening, has passed from his thoughts, and while the blue curling smoke circles around him, he goes off in reverie. No telling where his thoughts wander; evidently not after his son, who soon ascertains the condition of his father, and slips out at the back door, and is on his way to the evening party.

"Halloo, John, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me! myself."

"Ha, ha! I thought you would come; you know how to manage the old man," said Bill.

"Yes," says John, "if I don't get him roused, I can do about as I please."

"I wonder," says Bill, "why Willie Cook never gets away from home evenings; he would like our games just as well as any of us?"

"I'll tell you," says John, "his father keeps his eye on him; he never goes to bed till he knows where all the children are. Now my father never knows whether I am at home at nine o'clock or not."

"But," says Bill, "I should think your mother would tell him that you are out."

"She does sometimes, and he gives me a good talking to, and says he shan't have me out evenings, and that is the last of it."

During the conversation the company gather, and the party is full.

As the hour passes, the social chit-chat has passed into plays. Game after game is played, commencing with tit-tat-too, and ending it may be with chess, and not till the evening hours have passed into the depths of midnight does John return to his home.

Scenes like the above coming under our observation often remind us of the lesson taught by the concise history of Eli, who governed the Hebrews as high priest and judge for forty years, yet failing to discipline his sons brought trouble upon his nation; and his sons were left to disgrace themselves, and bring utter ruin to their father and his descendants.

The history of Eli is worthy the contemplation of every parent. It teaches that, though Christian parents may be faithful in the performance of every other duty, and yet because of a foolish fondness for their children, or that they seek their own ease, they neglect to instruct them in the principles of morality and religion, and fail to discipline them: such parents incur divine displeasure. Read the message from God through Samuel to Eli, and mark its fulfillment, 1 Sam. iii. 13, 14. "For I have told him that I will judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knoweth [and not what he does]; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever."

Read the events which occurred not more than a year from the delivery of the foregoing message, 1 Sam. iv. 17, 18. "And the messenger answered and said, 'Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken. And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake and he died.'"

For the further fulfillment of the message to Eli by Samuel, read 1 Kings, ii. 27: "So Solomon thrust out Abiathar from being priest unto the Lord; that he might fulfill the word of the Lord, which he spake con-

cerning the house of Eli in Shiloh." Abiathar was the last of the priesthood of the house of Eli.

Dr. Clarke says: "Parental affection, when alone, infallibly degenerates into foolish fondness; and parental authority frequently degenerates into brutal tyranny when standing by itself. The first sort of parents will be loved without being respected; the second sort will be dreaded, without either respect or esteem. In the first case obedience is not exacted, and is, therefore, felt to be unnecessary, as offenses of great magnitude pass without punishment or reprobation; in the second case, rigid exaction renders obedience almost impossible; and the smallest delinquency is often punished with the extreme of torture, which, hardening the mind, renders duty a matter of perfect indifference."

THE INFANT MOURNER.

BY MRS. D. SHERMAN.

CHAPTER IV.—REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A few months more were they permitted to gather around the hearth-stone, an unbroken family.

And then their house, their beautiful home, with all its pleasant surroundings, endeared by so many fondly cherished associations, and where they had spent so many happy years, must go to appease the cravings of the insatiate devourer!

Mr. Reynolds awoke to the sad, mortifying reality that he was a bankrupt, and his young, dependent children were homeless, for their home, no longer theirs, must pass into other hands.

The parents of Mrs. Reynolds, having been apprized of their misfortunes, tendered them an invitation to return to them—to the home of their childhood.

Preparations were then made for a hasty departure, and gathering their little all, they were occupied for a season in packing, and then their farewells were spoken, and they turned away to other scenes. But, ah, who shall paint the heart-burnings of that sad hour!

As they followed the devious mountain road and wound along from hilltop to hilltop, many were the backward glances that were cast towards that dearest spot on earth.

Dark indeed was the day to that unfortunate family. And yet a darker scene was in reserve for them.

Having conducted his family to the place of their destination, it now became necessary for Mr. Reynolds to leave them, and go away to engage in business. And now came the trial which well nigh unmanned him. Well, indeed was it, that fortune did not disclose her designs, or unseal to him the events of the coming future. His cup, before so bitter, now seemed full!

But he must linger. And gathering his children around with a heart overflowing with parental fondness and affection, while almost bursting with grief, he folded them once more in a lasting embrace; then summoning all his fortitude, he brushed away the swelling tear-drop, and with one farewell glance he turned away to the opening volume of new scenes and new sorrows.

The children became occupied with new scenes, new diversions, and in forming new associates among their companions at school. Thus things remained for a season, until another scene of separation drew near.

It then became necessary to place some of the children in the families of other relatives. Now, being scattered in different places, we leave them, and return to those who were left behind.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR NOV. 3. "The Brave Young Man." Topic: "Casting all your care upon Him." Golden Text: "Only be thou strong, and very courageous."

Nebuchadnezzar, in a few years, forgot the lessons taught him by Daniel, and the correct ideas of the true God.

The Jewish youths whom he elevated to high positions in the State, excited the envy of the native princes, and hence these princes induced the king to set up an image, and cause a decree to be issued that all who did not worship it, should be cast into a furnace. The king set up the image, issued his decree, and all but the three Jewish captives fell down and worshiped the idol.

But mark the heroism of these men. They were accused before the king of disobedience, and the king resolved to give them a second chance. Whereupon they answered that they would not worship the image, and that their God would deliver them out of his hand. "But if not" (whether God delivered them or not), they would not worship the image because it was wrong and idolatrous so to do.

They may not have been sure that God would interfere to save them, but they were sure that to obey the king would be to disobey the law of God.

What are the lessons taught by this incident?

We must do the right, regardless of consequences.

We must do the right, because it is the right.

It is for us to obey the law of God, though death may be the apparent consequence.

All temptations to sin are images set up to be worshiped.

Nothing scares the devil like a good hearty No!

The officers of the different branches of the Evangelical Alliance have issued their annual programme of topics for the week of prayer, extending from Jan. 5, 1873, to the 12th. The following are the subjects selected:—

Sunday, January 5.—SERMONS. Subject:—The foundation, security, and universal extension of the Christian Church.

Monday, January 6.—DEVOUT ACKNOWLEDGMENT:—Remembrance of God's mercies to the Nation; to Families, and to the Churches; Providential and spiritual blessings to ourselves; Confession of Sin.

Tuesday, January 7.—PRAYER:—for Christian Churches; their increase in love, activity, fidelity to the truth, and the clearer manifestation of the unity in the faith; for Ministers, Missionaries, and Evangelists.

Wednesday, January 8.—PRAYER:—for Families; for sons and daughters of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influence, and on the services and ordinances of "the Church of God;" for Schools, Colleges, and Universities; for Children at Sea or in Foreign Lands; for young men in business and professions; for servants; and for all in sickness and tribulation.

Thursday, January 9.—PRAYER:—for Nations; for Kings, and all in authority; for the maintenance of peace; for increase of righteousness; for the spread of religious liberty; for the growth of sound knowledge; for contentment, concord, and good will among all Classes; for the discernment of God's hand in national judgments; and for the removal of intemperance, immorality, and the sins which are "a reproach to any people."

Friday, January 10.—PRAYER:—for Mankind; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the spread of pure literature; for the overthrow of all forms of tyranny and oppression; for the removal of every form of Antichrist; for all prisoners and captives; and for the increase of that Kingdom which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Saturday, January 11.—PRAYER:—for Sunday-schools; for Missionary, Tract, and other religious societies; for the raising up and sending forth of more "laborers into His harvest," and for the removal of hindrances to the spread of the Gospel, and the Conversion of the World.

Sunday, January 12.—SERMONS:—"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen."

A New York correspondent of *The Transcript* says of one not unknown in New England:—

"Another successful man is Dr. Edward Eggleston, for a year or two past the editor of *Hearth and Home*, in the columns of which he has published two romances of western life, namely, 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' and 'The End of the World.' Both these works have been brought out in book form, and have had large sales. So popular have his writings become, that publishers commence to press him for engagements, and he now has more than he can do. Rev. Dr. Eggleston has engaged to write another long story for the *Hearth and Home*, the publishers of *The Christian Union* want a story from him, *Scribner's Monthly* wants one, and one venturesome man proposes to start a new magazine on the strength of a serial story from his pen. Thus we see it is only necessary to catch the popular breeze to be blown at once into fame and fortune. Dr. Eggleston writes in a ready, off-hand manner, drawing pictures of life in southern Illinois somewhat as Bret Harte does of the valleys of California, or as John Hay sings Pike County ballads. People who lead sickly, sentimental lives in fine houses love to read of the rough life of the West. In his theology, Dr. Eggleston is considered a little shaky by the orthodox part of the community. As he has expressed it, he is 'sort o' orthodox, and sort o' not.' That is all the better for him as the world goes at present. It is fashionable to be liberal, heterodox. Rev. Dr. Curry, of *The Christian Advocate*, of this city, has made some criticisms upon Dr. Eggleston's 'End of the World' book, which we suspect will help its sale. All slashing criticisms do help the sale of books. Any work which the press or the critics say ought not to be read, because of its sentiments, is sure to be sought after.

"Dr. Eggleston has just bought a beautiful house on Adelphi Street, in the most fashionable quarter of Brooklyn. It is elegantly furnished, and will in the future be his home. He has resigned the editorship of *Hearth and Home*, not caring to have the responsibility of it any longer. Hereafter he will devote himself to story-writing, which is more profitable. He is succeeded in his editorship by a younger brother."

We are pleased to record the success of our friend, but have our sincere doubts whether he brings to his heart and life such a sense of devout content, in his new line of literary labor, as in his former direct consecration of his pen to its highest offices.—ED. HERALD.

A daughter of Rev. S. H. Nesbit, D. D., former editor of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, but now Presiding Elder of the Canton District, Pittsburg Conference, was badly burned Oct. 12. She lingered several hours in excruciating pain, and died on Sunday, Oct. 13. Dr. Nesbit was away at the time, attending a quarterly meeting. It was only a short time since, June 20, that Mrs. Nesbit died. Deeply do we sympathize with our brother and his family in their sore bereavement.

We desire to join with *The Western* in our heartfelt sympathy with our afflicted friend.—ED. HERALD.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S LECTURES.

The people of Boston have been enjoying a rare feast in the lectures at Lowell Institute, of Prof. Tyndall, of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. They have shown their appreciation by crowding the lecture-room, while large numbers have been turned away. His short tour in this country will have a great influence upon the culture of science among us as a people.

Prof. Tyndall is above the medium height, spare, quick and energetic in his movements. He dresses in plain black, with white neck-tie; his hair and whiskers, which are nearly full, are well sprinkled with gray. His face is that of a worker; his nose is prominent, eyes small, clear, and penetrating; he impresses a stranger as a thinker, as having a keen, incisive mind, which goes not around, but into and through difficulties.

In his first lecture, after a few introductory remarks, he gave some experiments with a voltaic battery, showing how chemical action is changed into electricity, and electricity into heat and light. A fine platinum wire of three or four feet in length was raised to a red heat, and as the length of the wire in the circuit was shortened by moving one pole along the wire towards the other pole, the wire became white-hot, and was finally fused. Taking a small wire of short alternate lengths of platinum and silver, he passed the current through it; the platinum resisting the current, changed a part of it into heat and light; the silver allowing a free passage, remained opaque. He also gave the electric light (which he keeps in almost constant use), throwing images of the carbon points upon a screen. The laws of reflection and refraction were simply and beautifully demonstrated.

The second lecture was chiefly on the spectrum and spectrum analysis, as brought out by Bunsen and Kirchhoff. A pure and an impure spectrum were thrown upon a screen, and also the bright and dark lines of sodium, thallium, and zinc.

The lecturer then explained that the dark lines in the solar spectrum are due to absorbent vapors which are in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere. Each vapor quenches light of the same degree of refrangibility as that which it would emit if it were incandescent. In his third lecture, he dwelt at some length upon Newton's corpuscular theory of light, and Young's undulatory theory of light. According to the former, light is little bodies cast off with mighty speed in all directions from every luminous body; according to the latter, it is vibrations of a luminiferous ether that fills all space. He polarized light by means of a Nicol's prism of Iceland spar, and by plates of tourmaline. The theory of Newton failed hopelessly of explaining these phenomena, while the theory of Young easily accounts for them. The waves of sound and light are analogous, but those of sound are longitudinal, while those of light are transversal, like waves of water. These were very beautifully produced by specks of light thrown upon a screen. The rays which compose a beam of light vibrate with the planes of wave-motion in all possible directions. When the beam is passed through a plate of tourmaline, it sifts out and quenches all waves whose planes of motion are not parallel to the axis of the crystal. A second plate of this mineral placed at right angles to the first, quenches the light which passes through the first, because the plane of wave-motion is not parallel to the axis of the second plate. Placing a thin plate of mica between them, the light is restored, because the plane of motion is turned half around by the mica.

At the opening of the fourth lecture Prof. Tyndall told his audience to prepare for close, hard work, and to wind up their attention to its utmost strain.

Light when reflected from the two surfaces of a very thin film of any substance, as a soap-bubble, or air between plates of glass brought very close to each other, causes a dark centre, with concentric dark rings, and rings of the prismatic colors. These are caused by the interference of the waves of light reflected from the two surfaces. The length of a wave is from crest to crest, or trough to trough. If two waves meet, so that crest joins crest, the resulting wave is increased, and light is the result. If crest join trough, the two waves neutralize each other, and produce a calm or darkness. The dark centre and dark rings occur when crest joins trough. In this case, the ray which is reflected from the inner surface of the film, must be retarded a half wave-length, or some odd multiple of a half wave-length behind the ray which is reflected from the first surface. When the colored rings occur, crest joins crest. Then the ray which is reflected from the inner surface must be retarded a whole wave-length, or some multiple of a wave-length behind the ray which is reflected from the first or outer surface of the film. Hence, for instance, where the first violet ring occurs, the distance between the two surfaces must be a half wave-length, since the ray which is retarded, twice crosses this distance, and

is thereby retarded one wave-length. This distance can be computed if a plane surface and a plano-convex lens of known curvature be used. Twice this is the wave-length of violet. It is found in the case of violet that one wave-length is 0.000174 of an inch. In like manner, the length of the wave for the other prismatic colors may be found; that of violet is shortest, of red the longest. The mastery of this problem unlocks the whole region of chromatic splendor.

The experiments in the fifth lecture were illustrations of the same line of thought. Interference rings and images of various colors, caused by light transmitted through thin films of selenite of varying thickness were thrown upon a screen. The images were of great delicacy and splendor, the colors all being caused, not by any coloring matter, but simply by the interference of light. The light used was polarized by Nicol's prisms, since rays not vibrating in the same plane cannot interfere with each other. Some very instructive experiments were given, showing the effect of the strain of atoms of matter upon light. The magnetized beam was produced, and thrown upon a screen.

The sixth and last lecture opened with experiments showing the effect of uniaxial and biaxial crystals on light passing through them. The former produced iridescent curves around one, and the latter around two centres. The lecturer then experimented with the chemical and thermal rays of the spectrum. The extra violet rays vibrate too rapidly for vision, but may be toned down to visual rays by chemical action. The extra real rays vibrate too slowly for vision, but may be raised to the range of sight by converging them to a focus, and with them burning a substance as gun-cotton, zinc, or carbon. The lecturer, in closing, said he would return to the old country with his heart filled with pleasant memories of his visit to America.

In a brief article such as we here present, justice cannot be done to this brilliant course of lectures. Those who have missed them, have failed to hear a master-mind on some of the greatest problems of physical science. Prof. Tyndall's excellences as a lecturer may be briefly summed as follows: His happy wit, which always comes to his aid, to divert and amuse, if there be a delay or mishap in experiments; his very ingenious and simple experiments; his concise statement of principles, and the great transparency of all his his thoughts.

Our Book Table.

THE WORLD OF ANECDOTE; An Accumulation of Facts, Incidents, and Illustrations, Historical and Biographical, from Books and Times Recent and Remote. By Edwin Paxton Hood, author of "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Whoever has read the homiletical volumes of this author will know where this work came from. The great feature of Mr. Hood's vivacious books is his prolific and apt illustration. He is full of incidents. He therefore keeps a scrap-book. This great collection of admirable stories, illustrating every variety of thought and life, is a selection from his gathered treasures. It is a very entertaining collection, which, in its English form, we have long used, in preparing sermons for children.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS, LETTERS, LECTURES, AND POEMS OF THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE. By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. To which is added Familiar Letters from the Holy Land. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. The original work was published a number of years ago, by the same book firm, in two octavo volumes. It is now presented in one, at a very moderate price. It is not necessary to speak of the character of this volume. Its subject has long been known and loved. M'Cheyne was a saint on earth, as sweet as he was holy. He was also a genius, full of thought and love for the beautiful, — a sacred poet, as well as a sanctified man. His works are of permanent interest and value, and his life will ever be a means of grace to any reader, whether he be minister or layman. His sermons and addresses are able and spiritual.

THE ORDEAL FOR WIVES. A Novel. By the author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" etc. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: For sale at Loring's. This volume is a romance of social and domestic life, by Mrs. Edwards. It is written for a purpose, and is intended to meet the social demoralization of the hour. Mrs. Edwards is a good writer, and a wholesome moral teacher. Her books have met with much favor from the reading public and the press.

HOW WILL IT END? A Romance. By J. C. Heywood, author of "Herodias," etc. New edition. Mr. Heywood, who is a lawyer of New York, has won much reputation from his dramatic poems. His prose fictions seem equally popular, the present having reached a second edition. It is a story of the last years of the war. Its moral is an interrogation point as to the upshot of demoralization in the business and political world. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

APPLES OF GOLD. An Illustrated Weekly for the Youngest Readers. Boston: American Tract Society. A year of this beautifully illustrated paper for little children is now published in a handsome volume. It makes as attractive a book as it was grateful to the eyes of the little ones when issued in the form of a paper, and is an excellent gift-book for the little fellows.

THE GIFT OF THE KNEES, or The Ministry of Prayer the Ministry of Power. Published by the American Tract Society,

Boston. The bane and the antidote, in the natural world, are usually discovered in contiguity with each other, and the same is found to be true in the moral and religious world. Attacks upon the Gospel are sure to bring out satisfactory responses. Here, in this hour, when the value of prayer is in question, we have this admirable practical treatise, presenting its positive side with much force and sweetness. The introduction is an answer to Prof. Tyndall; then follow two tracts, full of incidental illustrations of the power of prayer, by Mrs. Shipton; while the third paper included in the volume is a finely written description of three scenes in the life of the devout poet Gellert. It is an excellent little volume.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNAL OF REV. HEMAN BANGS. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop James, D. D. Edited by his Daughters. New York: N. Tibbals & Son. For sale by J. P. Magee. We announced, sometime since, this interesting volume as in preparation. It is now ready for the thousands of purchasers who will be happy to refresh their memories of this truly venerable and excellent man. The fine engraving, with which it is illustrated, will bring forcibly back again his well-known features; while the diary and reflections will present him even more naturally and distinctly before his readers. It is an interesting and characteristic volume, preserving much of the Attic salt and harmless humor of this godly and successful minister. It will give a very vivid idea of the early work and sacrifices of our itinerants, and of the wonderful successes with which God crowned their labors.

THE BLACK VALLEY; The Railroad and the Country, with an Account of the Introduction of Water. An Allegory. By Rev. S. W. Hanks. Illustrated. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. The wit, wisdom, humor, good sense, and piety of this volume struggle together for ascendancy. It is as amusing as it is instructive, and as impressive as it is ingenious. It pictures the desolations of intemperance vividly enough to raise the hair upon one's head; and shows, with much spirit and power, the only true measure for the redemption of the land from this curse to be total abstinence. It is an excellent tract to sow everywhere.

WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE. Edited by James Richardson. Illustrated with Seventeen Engravings. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. The volumes of the "Library of Travel" have thus far rather followed than led in the publication of tours through the various countries described, gathering up, from many sources, the most interesting details. In this volume, however, we have one of the first in the field it describes. Tours over this marvelous region in the heart of our country have been made by scientific explorers employed by the Government, and a particularly interesting paper, recording striking personal experiences, was published in *Scribner's Monthly*; but this is the first formal volume, presenting to its readers, young and old, the marvelous natural curiosities of this hitherto hidden land. The volume will be read with avidity by all, and especially by the youth.

WONDERS OF THE MOON. Translated from the French of Amedee Guillemin, by Miss M. G. Mead. Edited, with additions, by Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, N. Y. Illustrated with Forty-three Engravings. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" series. Its full title discloses its contents. It contains a full epitome of the remarkable revelations of the physical condition of the moon, which the telescope, in the hands of modern astronomers, has made. It is one of the best and most interesting of volumes for the young people's library.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Robert Carter & Brothers send out, as additions to their list, always wholesome in character, **TRADING: Finishing the Story of the House in Town**, by the author of the "Wide, Wide World." Readers of the *HERALD* need only the announcement of the name of the charming authoress to be prepared to welcome the volume. The same publishers issue **WHO WON?** by the author of "Win and Wear."

Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston, adds four more volumes to his excellent body of Sunday-school literature. These volumes are fully equal to his high average in the good taste of their execution, and are worthy of their handsome dresses. **CHEW ALLEY, or, How to Make Sunshine**, is the triumph of natural sweetness and grace, under difficulties, in a little girl. **AUNT LOIS**, by Caroline E. K. Davis, is an account of one of those good saints who spread comfort all around them. **FATHER MULLER, or, The Good Heart**, is a translation from the German, touching and instructive. **THE NEW PICTURE READING-BOOK** will be the delight of thousands of dancing eyes. It is almost all pictures. The stories are short and sweet.

THE YOUNG DECLAIMER. Being a Collection of Pieces in Poetry, Prose, and Dialogue, Designed for the Use of Pupils in Intermediate Schools. By Charles Northend, A. M. New York: S. S. Barnes & Co. This volume is very handsomely published. It is edited by an expert in public school training, and its selections seem to be made with excellent judgment.

BOARDING-SCHOOL DAYS. By Vieux Moustache, author of "Two Lives in One." With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and Thomas Nast. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. This is a lively, rollicking, Frenchy volume for boys, full of fun and adventure, and illustrated with cuts far above the average in spirit, found in such books. It will only be seized and devoured with too much eagerness by our "little men."

MAGAZINES.

St. Paul's Magazine for October has the following table of contents: "Off the Skellings," "Rambles in Sussex," "Victor Hugo's New Poem," "Small Mercies," "John Mardon, Mariner," "The Autobiography of an Irreconcilable," "The Song of Altabiscar," "Fillippo, Painter," "The Cardinal's Lament," "At the Philharmonic," "Laissez Faire." For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

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THE HERALD.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 31, 1872.

THE MINISTERS IN COUNCIL.

The Committee appointed at a previous meeting of the preachers of Boston and vicinity, to prepare and present resolutions relating to the cause of missions for their consideration, appeared last Monday before the body with a half dozen suggestions, covering different measures of more or less practical promise, to be recommended to the godly judgment of the Secretaries and the Missionary Board at New York. The resolutions awakened a very animated discussion, the prevalent tone being in their favor; a few considering certain of them impracticable, reasoning from previous experience. The resolutions opened with an earnest expression of sentiment, that the *Missionary Advocate*, which is the only official organ by which the society communicates with its patrons, although it has weekly slips which are published in some of the denominational papers, is entirely inadequate to meet the end sought by its publication. In its limited columns but little general information can be given; full discussions of important questions arising constantly in the progress of the work are out of the question, and only bare results of our denominational movements, in home and foreign lands, can be recorded. The paper becomes, therefore, too meagre for ministers and thoughtful Christians, who wish to obtain the widest information as to the progress of the Gospel, the openings for the world's redemption, the results of the labors in sister churches, and the political movements of the day as they bear upon the extension of Christ's kingdom upon the earth. The resolutions urge the devotion of the *Advocate*, enlarged and popularized, to the wants of Christian families and the young people of the Church. It was argued that it might gather from the immense field of evangelical service facts and incidents, sketches and illustrations, personal items and current intelligence, which would render it a welcome visitor to our households, and enable it to win and impress the hearts of our children.

A great mass, however, of invaluable material selected from the diaries and letters of missionaries, elaborate articles from the pens of our best writers, carefully gathered statistics and able reports upon various portions of the mission field, with appropriate maps and illustrations, which could not possibly be introduced into a newspaper, and cannot, without serious loss, be kept from the knowledge of the Church, it was argued, should be separately published in a monthly periodical, and should be distributed among subscribers at the bare cost of publication. The Board would be at some outlay at first for such a serial, but it should establish the price upon the basis of a generous circulation; and if proper measures are taken to bring it before the people, the treasury will, without doubt, be soon relieved from all the expenses of its publication. All the large denominational missionary societies have this double form in which to meet the varied wants of the communities from whence come their supplies of men and money, and to bestow upon all their support-

ers, old and young, authentic and impressive details of their own, and of all co-operating missionary agencies. No church has so limited and unsatisfactory a missionary literature as ours; while including the English Wesleyan missions, no sister society has a broader or more interesting field from whence to gather facts and appeals.

More space, without doubt, should be yielded to this portion of the work of the Church in our denominational papers. One, *The Northern*, has devoted a full page, and placed it under the charge of a returned missionary; but the weekly paper must not be divested of its encyclopedic office. There are other great lines of information and Christian culture and discipline that must not be overlooked. The weekly sheet mirrors the moral and religious aspect of the world, projected like Mercator's charts upon its columns, and it can give only the most limited space to any one topic. It can no more appropriately be turned into a missionary, than into a temperance, a Sunday-school, or an agricultural journal. To every subject bearing upon the Christian life and nurture, it must give its relative amount of attention, avoiding monotony, and omitting no matter of public or social interest. We trust the Board in New York will give due weight to the suggestions in these resolutions relating to modifications in their official periodicals, and to the proposed monthly magazine.

The next topic suggested in these resolutions, is the importance of awakening fresh interest among our people in the Foreign Mission work, particularly upon our own continent. The Secretaries are requested, by correspondence with the editors of our papers, and by personal contributions to their columns, to seek to awaken fresh enthusiasm in the work of the world's evangelization. The prevailing impression of the meeting was, that limited, tentative efforts, like the experiment in Italy, are of small service, and result in an almost unproductive outlay of money; that unless a very considerable sum can be devoted to such a field, the sooner the mission is given up, and the missionary recalled, the better for the reputation of the Church, and for the general progress of the mission work. A few strong missions are better, more useful, and more economical, than many skirmishing squads scattered over the immense field.

The prominent feature of the discussion was the earnest and tender speech of Bishop Simpson. He pleaded for the millions of Spanish-speaking people, sitting in moral darkness upon our own continent, and yet open socially and civilly to evangelical ministries. He argued that this work was providentially left to us, as no European Church, except the Roman Catholic, sought these shores for missionary labor. While hopeful progress had already been made in Mexico, by undenominational labors, he held that a fully constituted Church, with its long-tried ordinances and means of grace, like our own, was better adapted to gather up and give permanence to the results of evangelical preaching. He earnestly pressed the importance of securing instruction in the Spanish language in our academies, colleges, and seminaries, that young men might be prepared to enter into those broad, inviting, and necessary fields, adjoining our own Republic. The Bishop evidently carried the sympathies and convictions of his large audience with him.

The other resolutions relate to the visiting of our schools of learning by the secretaries, to secure, as far as possible, the early missionary culture of our educated young people, and to render their consciences sensitive to the calls of a perishing world upon them, and to the claims of Him who died for all, upon their lives and services.

The recommendation of the preparation of a few missionary tracts for distribution previous to the taking up of the annual collection for missions, and the expediency of calling the special attention of Presiding Elders to the work of securing, with the co-operation of pastors, renewed interest and zeal in the cause of missions, and in the collection of funds, concluded this series of resolutions. They were all passed with great unanimity by the ministers present, and will, without doubt, receive the kindly and careful consideration of the Board.

New England will be favored this year with the anniversary of the society. It will be held in Boston, and the secretaries, who are invited so to do by resolution, will also make arrangements for public meetings in some of our principal New England churches. Generous provision will be made to render the anniversary in Boston a most impressive and profitable meeting. We hope all that can will make arrangements to be present, and participate in the exercises. The key-note for the local collections will be given on the occasion, and we trust that such a baptism of the Holy Spirit will fall upon those uniting in the prayers offered in our

New England Jerusalem, that as cheerful a distribution of earthly substance for Christ's cause will be made as followed the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

It is said that the famous German materialist, Louis Buchner, author of "Force and Matter," has reached our shores, with the intent of delivering a course of lectures on his favorite theme to his compatriots in this country, though he is thus far very quiet. He has come at rather an inopportune period to descend on the excellences of Materialism, for the disciples of this faith are rather under a cloud at present. His works have recently been translated into English, and published in London, but with a most severe criticism from the professional critics, and a protest on the part of the translator himself against Buchner's deductions in social science, and more especially in the religious vein. Buchner traces his theory on the development of man from the cell to the human brain, and there he stops so short that his system seems like the stone giant with feet of clay. A part of his "Force" becomes warmth, and then light, and lastly, chemical power; but his wonderful theory of evolutions comes to a very uncomfortable halt. Buchner has not made much headway in England; the scientists there, like Carpenter, are coming to their senses again, and even the French are rejecting Darwin because he allows his fantasy to run away with his reason and common sense. Buchner may make a little stir here among his free-thinking countrymen, but no farther.

There is a gratifying revival of deep religious feeling among the foreign Jews, which is showing itself in various ways. Not long since we noticed the issue of a religious Jewish romance in Hebrew—the last language in the world that one would consider attractive to popular readers, and yet it is said to be gaining quite a circulation among the Jews. We now see announced a work under the title of "Jewish Family Papers," which boldly enters the field of strife between spirit and matter, and combats vigorously the modern tendency to find the real in the ideal. It is the story of a young Israelite, who, for a time, is inclined to depart from the deep religious convictions of childhood, and the training of a pious uncle, but who by marriage is brought back from his erring ways, and led to think more seriously of religious things. The criticisms of the work are fragrant with praise which seems almost oriental. It is termed a glowing rose of oriental wisdom, that gives forth sweet savor as its petals are unfolded. It is said to contain the same spirit that composed the Psalms, and prophesied in Isaiah—a messenger from times past, when the enthusiasm for God animated men with the fire of the Spirit, and the voice of thunder. It is a spiritual spring in which the soul-sick may bathe, and be healed. This enthusiastic glow tells us of more warmth in the Jewish heart than we often see, and indicates that it also is in sympathy with modern movements.

A work just issued in London by the author, W. Blades, finds a new occupation for Shakespeare that gives us a key to his broad knowledge in so many fields. Blades proves, with much learning and acumen, that the great poet was a learned printer. The first half of the work is devoted to the discussions of the reasons for the many callings already attributed to Shakespeare, such as butcher, schoolmaster, wool-dealer, farmer, hostler, attorney's clerk, surgeon, anatomist, chemist, physiologist, psychologist, physician for the insane, prophet, sailor, soldier, musician, botanist, entomologist, ornithologist, zoologist, ethnologist, alchemist, magician, Catholic, Protestant, High Churchman, and finally a mythical person altogether. The second part shows that Shakespeare understood all these matters, and even more yet, namely, that he was a practical printer, and thus learned all these things, and many more, from the various books on which he worked during a four years' apprenticeship. Blades writes in a humorous vein, but insists, nevertheless, that he has found the solution of the problem why, and how, the poet knew everything; and all loyal printers will agree with him, and be ready to enroll the brilliant name with their useful craft. In addition to this consolation, the President of the English Philological Society announces, *ex cathedra*, that he has found out for a certainty that the bard was called Shaksper, and not Shakespeare by his contemporaries.

Some of the French journals are just now engaged in the discussion of the real condition of France, which is quite interesting to a looker-on from the outside. The *Journal des Debats* alludes to the ease with which the French people change the object of their homage,—to-day worshipping a king, to-morrow an emperor, and the next day a republican president,—and says that neither monarchical nor republican tendencies have anything to do with it, but declares the fact to be a proof of the in-

corrigible levity and frivolity of their customs and manners. The French now feel, according to the *Journal*, that they have experienced the most bitter and painful misfortune, in consequence of which they affirm the keenest necessity of amusing themselves, which they are doing. The *Bien Public*, the acknowledged organ of Thiers, lately indulged in the assertion that the most peculiar side of French character is the circumstance that every one considers himself a born politician. Many a man who would hesitate to open a grocery-store, for lack of capacity to carry it on, thinks himself fully qualified to rule the State. French history is full, says this authority, of such examples; and therefore that crowd of generals, ministers, deputies, and statesmen generally, who in time of trial have fallen short of their responsibilities. Hence those battles that were won by chance, or lost by incapacity. . . . These utterances show that some few Frenchmen are beginning to hink soberly and seriously.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY FOR OCTOBER.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

This number opens with an article on Pressensé's "Martyrs and Apologists," by Rev. W. H. Withrow, of Canada. The reviewer writes in a crisp, clear-cut style, and sets before us a vivid picture of "the purity, the holy enthusiasm, the true sublimity of the Christianity of those early centuries of fiery trial and martyrdom." From the walls of Pressensé's gallery of photographs, he takes down and presents the portraits of Origen, Tertullian, Justin Martyr, Ignatius, and Cyprian, and other martyr-heroes of the early Church of Christ. He refutes the complacent theory of Gibbon that the sufferings of Christians in that era were comparatively few and insignificant, by showing that, in addition to the chief advocates of the Gospel, crowds were beheaded or burned alive in a single day, so that the instruments of death were blunted and broken to pieces, and the executioners became weary with slaughter. The history of those dark days should be read by modern Christians as a background on which they may see more clearly the radiant form of religious liberty.

The second paper is from the pen of Rev. W. S. Edwards, of Baltimore, on the "Future Condition of the Wicked." The argument is, as it should be, to produce conviction, purely Scriptural. Philosophy and ethics are employed, not to prove, but to confirm the author's conclusion, which is, that the wicked in the future will constitute a distinct class, under retribution, in untold and remediless suffering. God does not lose the character of a Father when He, as a Magistrate, inflicts punishment upon the individual for the good of the whole, with no feeling of malice or personal revenge. We regret that the writer makes the gratuitous admission that it is absurd to believe in a literal lake of fire and brimstone; for an absurdity can be predicated only of a logical contradiction, or of something inconsistent with reason, or opposed to manifest truth. A literal hell is no more absurd than a literal heaven. It may be wise to accept the language of Jesus, descriptive of the torments of hell as figurative, but it is not absurd to believe that it is to be understood literally, after the resurrection of the wicked.

The next article is a paper translated from a French review, and it is entitled "Peter Cartwright and Preaching in the West." This is a very timely paper, in view of the recent translation of the veteran pioneer preacher from his earthly labors to his heavenly reward. The article awakens an intense interest in the reader, which compels him to peruse it to its close. It is not remarkable that a French writer, ignorant of experimental religion, should make the blunder of magnifying lay preaching, a mere incident of the Wesleyan movement, into its very essence. We note also some minor errors in the details of the polity of American Methodism which the editor thought it not worth while to correct. He rectifies the mistake which ascribes the first camp-meeting to Bishop McKendree.

The fourth paper is from the pen of a new contributor, Rev. R. H. Howard, of Brookfield, Mass., on the subject of sin. The purpose of the writer is to correct the sentimentalism now prevalent respecting sin. Many are treating it not as a radical, but as a cutaneous disease, which requires for its healing either the mildest remedies, or none at all, except culture; leaving it to be outgrown by the unfolding of the intellectual and moral nature. This paper contains a strong plea for a profounder doctrine, and a more heart-searching teaching on this subject. He regards sin as an offense against God, and an absolute evil, and not another form of good, or "good in the process of making," according to the sophistical and pernicious bitter-sweet theology which some are teaching. He finds the characteristic element of sin not only in the purpose of the agent, but even beyond this, in the unconscious principle or state of heart from which the evil purpose springs. The failure

of consciousness to grasp the principle of sin does not extenuate its guilt, for this failure is owing to lack of reflection and attention to Gospel truth, which awaken self-abasement and dissatisfaction with the old plea of sincerity, and demonstrate that righteousness, as a new principle implanted by the Holy Spirit, is the only salvation. The readers of the *Quarterly* will be pleased to peruse more papers from the pen of this writer.

"The Christian Pastorate," a review of Dr. Kidder's recent book bearing this title, is the subject of the fifth article, by Rev. W. R. Goodwin, D.D., of Quincy, Ill. The writer, with good reason, pleads that this book may be put into the course of study for candidates for the ministry in the ranks of our itinerancy. We take exception to the assumption that "Jesus needed the purification of suffering." It will do the Christian minister of every denomination good to read this article, and the book reviewed, and all other writings inciting to those duties most fruitful in their results, and yet most apt to be neglected.

The sixth article on "Prevention and Reform of Juvenile Crime," is from that veteran child-lover and child-reformer, Dr. B. K. Peirce. He writes on this theme with freshness and enthusiasm, because his heart is in it. Where the feelings are moved men are always eloquent. Dr. Peirce gives a brief but interesting history of asylums for homeless and vicious children, from Franke and Falk in Germany, down to our times. It is cheering to hear that the chasm between the reform school and an honest living after leaving it, is now bridged by giving every inmate a trade and an opportunity to ply it under the protection and moral influence of the institution after his discharge. The writer deprecates the founding of such institutions by the State to be wholly under its control, and subject to changing administrations, and recommends that the State encourage private philanthropy by granting a sum *per capita* to asylums established by private munificence. He demonstrates from experiments in Glasgow, Edinburgh, New York, and Boston, that Christianity faithfully applied is the great preventive and reformer.

Article seventh is a second paper on "Homer and his English Translations," by Rev. Henry M. Baird D.D. It is chiefly devoted to the translations of Lord Derby and Mr. Bryant. He holds the balance very evenly between the great American poet and the English earl, inclining to commend the former for greater minuteness of detail in his rendering.

In the synopsis of the *Quarterlies*, Dr. Whedon takes the occasion to administer a pungent correction of Rev. G. W. Whitney's second-hand quotation of Wesley on the ordination of superintendents for America, and the misapplication of a passage of one of his sermons to the support of Universalism. There is also a view of the Southern States since the war, from English sources, well worth reading. The *Quarterly* book-table is as racy and as instructive as ever, and the Index reminds us that another volume is now closed, and that it is a good time for new subscribers to send in their names.

RESTRICTIONS UPON TRAVEL AND RESIDENCE IN LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES.

BY MELVILLE M. BIGELOW.

There is a growing tendency among life insurance companies to remove from their policies many of the restrictions upon travel and residence which were formerly considered essential to the safety of these corporations. The advancement of sanitary knowledge has shown that many of the old restrictions, such as forbidding the assured to go to California overland, are unnecessary; while the improvements in navigation have had a similar effect upon other restrictions, such as forbidding the crossing of the Atlantic.

This fact has produced a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction among many of the old policy holders, and has given rise, naturally enough, to a very general desire to be relieved from all the unnecessary restrictions contained in their policies. Concerning this matter we have nothing to say. The companies have the legal advantage here; and it is for them to say whether they will surrender it. But the feeling of dissatisfaction has not in all cases found its limit in expression against the insurance offices. The matter has sometimes been carried farther, and the courts of justice have been charged with unfairness and partiality to the insurers. A matter so grave as this is worthy of consideration.

Reference to a single case will be sufficient to show the principal ground of the charge of partiality against the courts. Several years ago, the executors of the late Bishop Henshaw, of the Episcopal Church in Rhode Island, finding a policy of insurance upon his life among his effects, presented it to the insurers for payment. This was refused on the ground that one of the provisions of the policy had been broken by the assured. Suit was then instituted, and the following

facts appeared in evidence: The policy contained a provision that if the assured, at certain seasons of the year, should pass the southern boundary of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or Ohio, without the consent of the company, the insurance should thereupon become void. Bishop Henshaw, during one of the forbidden seasons, was called upon to minister in his episcopal character in Maryland; and without having obtained or asked for the consent of the company, he proceeded to that State, and while there engaged in his duties, was suddenly attacked with apoplexy, and died. It was proved that his death was not caused or hastened, in any degree whatever by the change of climate; on the contrary, the unfortunate event was occasioned by constitutional causes, which were entirely independent of locality. The court, however, firmly ruled that the policy had been vitiated by the action of Bishop Henshaw, and judgment was rendered in favor of the company.

It was argued upon the trial that the court should rule in favor of the executors the moment the fact was established that the death of Bishop Henshaw had not been caused or hastened by his change of locality. It was contended, further, that as the Bishop had been called away somewhat unexpectedly, upon an important religious errand, it was but natural that he should have forgotten to attend to the requirements of his life insurance policy; and these facts were thought by many to be of sufficient force to entitle the plaintiffs to judgment.

The reasons upon which the court arrived at its conclusion are not stated, nor have we seen any distinct statement of the grounds of the ruling in any of the other similar cases; but the position taken is, we think, perfectly sound, and the dissatisfaction with it rests upon a misconception of some of the plain and well-settled rules of law. The error of the complaint lies in the fact that it looks upon the vitiation of the policy as dependent upon the result of an act, instead of upon the act itself. Now, in sound sense, as well as in law, such a view is incorrect. Suppose we go back of the death, and inquire what the state of the policy is the moment the line is crossed, and forbidden soil touched. It is clear that the condition of the policy is at this instant broken. How then is the contract to be restored to efficacy? Can the party who has broken it restore it? Common sense says no, and the law gives the same answer. The contract is at an end, so far as the power of the assured over it is concerned; and if it is to be revived, it can only be revived by the consent of the party not in fault, that is, by the company.* It is then by no quibble of the law that the company escapes liability in such cases. The plain language of the contract has been violated, and the very condition has happened, upon the occurrence of which the assured agreed that his policy should cease to be binding upon the company. We can see no escape from this conclusion.

But it may be said by the advocates of the policy-holder, abandoning the position that the company are bound to the contract, that in all conscience they are bound to pay where the breach of condition does not cause or hasten the death, as was true in Bishop Henshaw's case. This objection does not touch the courts, and we are not so much concerned with it. Still, we are not disposed to admit its soundness. Now the reason why these restrictions are imposed is, that it is supposed that the liability to death is greater in the forbidden localities or positions than elsewhere, and in order to keep the company safe, a matter in which the assured is equally interested with the insurer, an extra rate of premium must be charged to those who pass beyond the limits of health or safety. Returning, for illustration, to Bishop Henshaw's case, as soon as the Bishop passed into Maryland, at the particular season of his visit, the company's risk was increased, and for this they received no equivalent. It makes no difference, as has been remarked, that in the end no loss occurred to the company, which would not have occurred had the Bishop remained at home; the question for the company to determine in all such cases is, not "What is the probability in the one particular case?" but "What are the probabilities in a thousand cases, as ascertained by sanitary statistics?"

We need not dwell upon this point, however. The subject in this aspect is familiar to all our readers. Our object has been mainly to disarm the prejudice and feeling entertained against the courts of justice by any of the readers of the *HERALD*, who may hold restrict-

* Though policies of insurance usually provide that they shall be void upon the breaking of any provision, the term "void" really means "voidable." If a breach actually rendered the contract void, the old contract could never be revived by either party; and it is perfectly settled that in the case mentioned the company can waive the breach, and elect to consider the policy as still in force. It often happens that after a breach of the contract by the assured, the company sue upon a premium note, and this is held to save the policy.

ive policies. It is important that a feeling of confidence should be entertained towards the judges, if they are really worthy and capable, and that every unmerited charge against them should be corrected.

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Encouraging reports come to us from many of our preachers who have presented our offer to their people. The campaign has commenced well, and we hope every friend of the HERALD will "lend a helping hand." We earnestly hope that every reader of ZION'S HERALD will show the paper to his neighbor who does not take it, and that every pastor will see that his charge is canvassed at once. Specimen copies free.

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36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Our appeal is to all New England Methodist churches, their ministers and members. From their past contributions to this cause, we cannot doubt their interest. But it needs to be greatly intensified, made more active. Our brethren and friends remember the appeal which was made in the HERALD, and at the sessions of the Conferences this year, for immediate aid on account of the necessary debt incurred to meet appropriations to beneficiaries. The response made by collections and donations immediately freed the treasury, and enabled the society to pay its obligations in full up to the meeting of the Board in September last. That effort needs to be continued vigorously all through the year. A call was made for collections in May. A number of churches, especially in the Providence Conference, answered the call, but very few of all in New England responded. The prospect now is, a largely increasing debt or cessation of aid to beneficiaries. Shall it be either? Let our brethren and friends consider whether they wish either alternative. If they make an immediate, and increased exertion, neither need occur. Without such exertion, one of them is inevitable.

As stated in a former notice from this society, the Board found themselves in September more than seven hundred dollars short of funds. A little only has come since. Of course, we borrowed money on interest to pay our beneficiaries this quarter. There are fifty on our list now, and prospective applications for several more. With the present number only, the demand at our next quarterly meeting in December, will be \$1,860, including present debt; and the demand for the balance of the year to the spring Conferences will be at the least \$3,060. The anticipated receipts from now till the spring, according to former experience, will be short of \$600, leaving the treasury \$2,500 or more in debt, unless we suspend appropriations. The sums brought in at the sessions of the Conferences should be a fund to depend on for the year following, and ought not to be absorbed in paying such a debt. Now, brethren and friends, you have the case fairly stated. What will you do? What shall the society do? Do you wish this matter pressed upon public attention in this way in the HERALD? What else can we do, unless you make

the requisite effort, and keep the treasury full? We want large collections and donations immediately.

Please to forward them at once to J. P. Magee, or the subscriber, at 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

E. OTHEMAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

Oct. 18, 1872.

The last picture from the art establishment of Louis Prang is one of which the proprietor may feel a just sense of pride. It is one of those pleasant scenes that beguiles the observer into a long and grateful study, and grows upon him in interest rather than wearies him by familiarity. It would almost announce itself if its name were not given—The "Reminiscences of an Old Man." The venerable patriarch, with his snowy hair, sits leaning upon his staff in the front ground, and sees his whole past life mirrored in the charming landscape before him. Yonder is the house of his birth, and children are playing there as he did, "long, long ago." There, in the distance, is the spire of the village church where he has worshiped all his days. Nearer to him he is reminded of his mature manhood by his stalwart children working lustily in the hay-field. The diversified landscape of valley, river, grove, farm-house, village, browsing cattle, loaded hay-team, sporting children, is full of quiet beauty, and arranged with admirable art. This is the largest American chromo which has been offered to the public, and the execution of it is in harmony with its intrinsic worth. It will doubtless have, as it deserves, a wide recognition from the lovers of the pictorial art, who find their tastes gratified without encroaching too severely upon their limited means by this new triumph of mechanical and artistic genius. This chromo is after a painting by A. B. Durand.

We advise our readers who have gardens, to send to the well-known house of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for a variety of his fine bulbous plants, hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, etc. The present is the season to place them in the earth to secure a world of beauty and fragrance with the opening of the next flowering season. Brother Vick and his establishment have a national and deserved reputation. His best commendation is the elegant floral display which he assures his customers.

Owing to an unforeseen demand for the last issue of the HERALD, the edition ran short before all our subscribers could be supplied, hence, we were forced to send imperfect copies to several, for which we crave pardon, promising that the like not shall happen again.

PERSONAL.

The late Miss Arabella Rice, of Portsmouth, N. H., made a bequest of \$3,000 to the General Theological Library, at 12 West Street, Boston.

Bishop Haven appeared last week in his old quarters, looking improved, rather than worn, by his episcopal labors. He is in excellent health and spirits, and meets with a warm welcome from his old friends. He has brought back with him very lively impressions of the greatness, and of the promise, of our Western work. The Church is moving forward bravely in the front ranks of the population now rolling across our Western prairies.

We found upon our table one day last week some marvellously fine pears, from the beautiful grounds of Dr. R. Green, of Boston Highlands. The Doctor and his lady not only know how to attract their friends to their charming residence, but with thoughtful kindness they distribute the rich gifts of Providence bestowed upon them, among those who cannot personally share in the solaces of their genial home. Publisher and editor were made a happy pair in paying their *devoirs* (devours) to this luscious fruit.

Father John F. Adams, who upon the death of Father Hoyt, becomes the patriarch of New England Methodist ministers, called upon us last week. He entered the New England Conference in 1812, and has preserved his connection with the ministry of the Church now for sixty years. He preaches occasionally, although for the last ten or fifteen years he has held a superannuated relation. He is full of interest and love for the Master's kingdom; regrets that he cannot preach more, both for the good that he might do, and for his own spiritual profit, and calmly looks forward to the hour when he shall be reunited with the thousands in the Church, and in the ministry, now in heaven, with whom he has taken sweet counsel, and worshiped God in company upon the earth.

Mr. E. D. Jones, an indefatigable and successful Sunday-school worker, of St. Louis, has prepared and published, in the form of a handsome 16mo tract of 80 pages, practical hints upon almost all subjects connected with the inside and outside, temporal and spirit-

ual, educational and economical management of Sunday-schools. It is illustrated with cuts, rendered valuable by lists of books of reference, and by advertisement of school furniture and apparatus. Whoever desires this useful little volume earnestly enough to send ten cents for postage to the author, E. D. Jones, esq., St. Louis, will receive a copy by return of mail.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ATTLEBORO'.—Rev. W. H. Starr writes: "God is blessing our Church at Attleboro' with His grace and Spirit. Backsliders, tired of their wanderings, have returned to their Father's house, and sinners are inquiring the way of salvation. A few Sabbaths ago seven were baptized by immersion, and at our last communion six were received into full connection with the Church. Others are to join in a month or two."

FRANKLIN.—Rev. E. P. King writes: "The Methodist Society in Franklin, not yet six weeks old, have already laid the foundation for their church. The contract for the building is let to Mead, Mason & Co., of Boston. The church, exclusive of land and cellar, will cost \$10,000. When the enterprise was started we knew not where a dollar of the money could be raised. The few Methodists of the town are poor, and unable even to pay much for the support of a preacher; but the Lord is raising up friends who, seeing the importance of the post, are contributing largely for the success of the enterprise. One man living in an adjoining town, who does his giving without a flourish of trumpets, in his large-heartedness gave us \$2,000 and with it a hearty God bless you. A prominent Universalist gave us \$300, and the town generally are willing to do their part. All who know the importance of the place, will readily see the need of giving a helping hand at this time. The cornerstone of the new church was laid by Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., of Boston, Wednesday, October 23.

"If any persons feel moved to help us in this enterprise, they can send their money to Rev. E. P. King, pastor of the church. Already in answer to prayer God has moved some to send their mite."

BYFIELD.—Rev. G. Beekman writes: "We are now enjoying a very interesting course of lectures, given principally by the brethren of the ministry. The opening lecture of the course was given by Brother Mallaleu, his subject being the 'New Era.' It was a very able and interesting production, crammed with history, argument, and spice, and was clothed with language at once choice, high-toned, and perspicuous. It was delivered with the characteristic energy of the speaker, and was highly appreciated by the audience. He was followed by Rev. C. H. Hanford, who gave us his lecture on 'Snap.' As a lecture intended for the popular ear, it was a complete success. Rich in anecdote and illustration, replete with a humor that never fails to interest the popular heart, it held up the follies and pretensions of the time in a most entertaining and effective manner."

"The lecture of the present week was given by our amiable friend and poet, C. H. St. John, of the HERALD, his subject being his new lecture, 'Flies and Fly Traps,' a poetical production sparkling with wit and humor, pointed with the best of moral teaching, and exposing with much good sense some of the prominent follies of the day. It was one of his happiest efforts, and most favorably received. Brothers J. J. Jones, and J. W. Hamilton, and others are to follow."

"Religiously and financially we are in a healthy and prosperous condition. Our social meetings, especially Sabbath evenings, are more than well attended, and a deep religious feeling is oftentimes manifest. Last Sabbath evening several adults, all save one in the meridian of life, requested prayers. Others are interested, and we are hoping for an ingathering of those desirous of living for Christ. Some three Sabbaths since a lady of about forty years, at death's door with consumption, who some weeks previous had entered into rest with Christ, was driven to the church, where at the close of the afternoon service she was baptized in the name of the adorable Trinity. It was a solemn and truly affecting scene. Few were the hearts present that were not moved. For the encouragement of those brethren on small charges who find it a difficult matter to obtain the little promised them as salary in the official board (there is no trouble on that score on large and wealthy charges), I would state that financially this year stands out above all other years at Byfield. It towers up and looks grand! In the past, by the aid of levees, at which were 'guess-cakes,' and 'grab-bags,' and 'fish-ponds,' etc., and by exhibitions, by many regarded as questionable, and a few prominent brethren putting in an extra ten dollars at the close of the year, the sum of six or seven hundred dollars was finally obtained. This year, by adopting the envelop system, and by dividing the parish into districts with a collector for each, whose duty it is to collect monthly those subscriptions which do not find their way into the boxes collection Sabbath, the brethren have succeeded in keeping their pastor happy by the prompt payment of a salary much larger than that of the past, and one which heretofore it has been thought out of the question to raise. So that we have not had, nor will we have need of levees, exhibitions, or other entertainments of a doubtful character. Brethren, try our plan, it works grandly."

RHODE ISLAND.

LITTLE COMPTON.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Little Compton was dedicated on the 22d. The sermon was by Bishop Simpson, and immediately after the close of his discourse, \$7,000 was contributed to extinguish the debt incurred in the erection of the church. An equal amount had been previously subscribed, the whole cost being \$14,000, including \$2,000 for an organ.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

The Methodist Society at Plymouth have a very encouraging prospect before them. Their new church, which is a model of

convenience and beauty, is not only free from debt, but all the pews are taken; the congregations are large, and the Sabbath-school is very full and interesting. The pastor, Rev. Brother Prince, has been recently passing through the waters of affliction. His wife has been a great sufferer for the last ten weeks past; and a few days ago they were called to mourn the death of their little child.

Rev. Eleazer Smith has been reappointed chaplain of the State Prison for the ensuing year. It is a very wise selection, as is shown by what the officers of the prison say of our venerable brother's services during the previous year. The warden, Mr. J. C. Pillsbury, says in his annual report, our worthy chaplain has labored faithfully and diligently, and with visible good results. The chaplain has had a valuable assistant in teaching the females, in his most estimable wife; if not in this world, in the world to come, may they reap rich fruit from their labors. The Prison Committee report that complaint had been made that the prisoners were not properly fed and clothed, and that the food was deficient in quantity and quality; and this committee say that they think no prisoners in this country are so well fed and clothed as the convicts of the New Hampshire State Prison. There have been committed to this prison since 1812, 1,522 prisoners; discharged, 793; pardoned, 532. Removed to the Asylum for the Insane, 9; died, 102; escaped, 20.

Rev. Brother Fowler, who has been laboring at Fisherville with Rev. S. P. Heath, is now laboring in Lawrence, Mass. The work in Fisherville is general. The spirit of revival has reached other denominations than the Methodist; and many conversions and baptisms, and accessions to the churches are some of the results.

HAVERHILL.—Grace Methodist Church is enjoying a good degree of revival interest. Although no special meetings have been held, and no outside help has yet been employed, sixty-six have begun a new life during the last month. On the fourth Sunday of October we are to be assisted by the South Boston Praying Band. On Wednesday evening, October 23, the Young People's Lyceum gave their first public entertainment for the fall. Another of the many pleasant surprises that have characterized this Church initiated the exercises. The President of the Board of Trustees was called for, and one of the best \$650 pianos of Henry F. Miller, superb in its finish, and very clear and sweet in its tone, was presented to the church. Professor Dow gave the audience a fine instrumental piece, which showed the sterling qualities of the instrument, and received an encore. Every department of Church work is greatly prospered, and the best of all is, "God is with us."

W. F. C.

MAINE ITEMS.

The Methodist Church on the Buxton and North Gorham charge is prospering under the faithful labors of Rev. J. M. Woodbury, the present pastor. Mr. Woodbury tells us that one of the hardest cases in the community has experienced the pardon of his sins, and is giving satisfactory evidence of his change by a well-ordered life and godly conversation. At Buxton fifteen recently arose for the prayers of the Church, and the interest is becoming deep and general. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The Freewill Baptist Church in Rockland have succeeded in securing as their pastor, Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton. He is to commence his labors in November. The Congregational Church in Rockland are without a pastor, but are taking very active measures to secure one. All the churches in the city are reported as being in a very healthy condition. The African Methodist Episcopal Church on Mountford Street, Portland, appeal to a generous public for aid to extricate themselves from a crushing debt. The members have paid all they can, and still there is a balance now due on their meeting-house of some sixteen hundred dollars. We learn that more time has been granted them, and it is hoped that help may be forthcoming, so that this worthy society may not lose their house of worship. They are deserving and ought to be remembered in their time of pressing need. Who will respond at once?

The Congregational Church in Gorham is now undergoing repairs. The society are worshipping for the present with the Methodists, until their house is ready to reoccupy. The two pastors share the pulpit services between them, much to the edification of both societies. The religious interest is improving. Of late some few have been converted. The Sunday-schools of these respective parishes are prospering finely. The Maine State Christian Association recently held its annual session in Newport Village. This Association was organized in 1868. Its principal object is to aid feeble churches of that denomination in the State, and to promote the Sunday-school cause. The action of the Association was very harmonious, and all its sessions highly interesting. The discussions in reference to advancement in the various "live" issues of the times was "spicy," yet conducted in a kind and Christian spirit. This denomination, according to their statistical report, are making headway in the State.

We learn with pleasure that the new Methodist Church now in process of erection in Newfield, is progressing finely. The society there have long needed a larger and better place of worship. Success to them.

BELFAST.—Rev. W. L. Brown writes: "Our cause is steadily advancing in this city. During our pastoral labors of sixteen months, fifty and more have been received into society (the majority into full fellowship), and still the work goes graciously forward. During every interval of time of two weeks, for fourteen months, penitents have knelt at our altar. Thus the revival spirit is continuous among us. We expect salvation and the answer of prayer is in agreement with our faith. As a Church we accept the precious doctrine of Christian holiness, and are laboring to exhibit its attractiveness by holy lives. A youth's prayer-meeting is held weekly, and is conducted in turn by the young brethren of the Church. This meeting is an important aid to our work, and youthful hearts here learn to love the Saviour. We think the true theory of revival is for the Church to continuously possess its spirit. God will probably give to the churches as many converts as

they are prepared to nourish and train in the knowledge and love of Christ. O that a pentecostal shower may fall upon our beloved Zion!"

EAST MAINE.

Rev. M. W. Newbert has resigned his charge at Waldoboro' Village, on account of poor health, and has removed to China. Rev. John Collins is supplying the pulpit. He will find a kind welcome in this Conference.

Brother J. P. Higgins, of Dexter, is general superintendent of Sunday-schools in Maine. He is an intelligent and enterprising layman of our Church, and a very successful Sunday-school worker. Conventions will be held in different parts of the State to promote this great work. We hope proper notice will be given to all concerned, so as to enlist all in these Conventions.

Several persons have been baptized in East Winslow, by Rev. Wm. J. Clifford, of Palermo. Rev. M. D. Miller received seven into the Church at Riverside, in Vassalboro', the 13th of October.

The debt on our church at Rockland, above reliable assets, has been reduced to about five thousand dollars. There are forty-seven pews unsold, which, if sold at 65 per cent. of the appraisal, will pay the whole debt. These facts are taken from the report of the treasurer of the Board of Trustees. Rockland is the eastern terminus of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad, and is a growing city with much of the life of business. With the best church and vestries in the city, decidedly, and very centrally located, and with so many pews unsold, there need be no difficulty in clearing off the debt in a short time. Onward, upward!

H.

NOTES FROM THE INTERIOR.

ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE.

This body convened for its thirty-third annual session in the Third Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Rockford, on Wednesday morning, the 9th inst., and continued in session until Monday evening, the 14th.

Owing to the continued illness of Bishop Peck, who was assigned to this Conference by the "Episcopal plan," he was absent; but his place was supplied by Bishop Wiley, who presided with acceptability and efficiency.

The Missionary Cause was represented by Rev. T. M. Eddy; the Church Extension, by Chaplain McCabe; the Sunday-school, by Rev. J. H. Vincent; the Freedmen, by Rev. D. Rutledge; Education, by Dr. Haven; the Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union, by Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer; and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, by Mrs. J. F. Willing. All must admit that these various interests were well represented.

Among the most interesting matters pertaining to the Conference business, was the address of the Bishop to the candidates for admission into full connection. The Bishop occupied just an hour in the address, most of the time being devoted to the consideration of the first of the Disciplinary Questions—"Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on unto perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?" No attempt here will be made to give a report of the address. A few thoughts only will be referred to. One was, that the doctrine of Christian perfection has ever been regarded by the Church as the most important of all her doctrines, and that when candidates come seeking admission into her ministry, the first questions she proposes to them are such as seek to ascertain if said candidates are correct on this great doctrine. The Church regards it of more consequence to know that her ministers are theoretically right on this question, and are pressing into the experience of it, than to know anything else concerning them.

Another thought was, that the Church is not satisfied with a mere intellectual assent to this doctrine, but there must be a confession from the lips of these candidates for the ministry in her communion, that they not only expect to be made perfect in love in this life, but that they are "groaning after it." This must be the experience of the men whom the Church sends out to preach the Gospel.

Another thought was, that it ought to be sufficient ground to arrest the passage of a Methodist preacher's character, who should say that he did not believe in holiness.

I wish this address of the Bishop could be published, and put into the hands of every Methodist in the land. It would be a contribution to our holiness literature that would be valuable.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

In a late number of the HERALD you speak of the death of this veteran of the cross as occurring in Chicago. This is a mistake. For many years the home of Peter Cartwright has been Pleasant Plains, Sangamon County, Ill., about twelve miles northwest of Springfield, and it was here that he died.

From an intimate friend of the venerable man, a member of the same Conference, I learned some facts worthy of mention: One was that he would never consent to be placed on the superannuated list; and just previous to the late session of his Conference, fearing his brethren might put him in that relation, he roused himself in his dying condition, and protested against it; and so just two days before his death I heard his name read out by Bishop Bowman as "Conference Missionary."

Another fact was, that during the latter years of his life he became dissatisfied with his religious experience, feeling he was not in possession of what he ought to have, or what it was his privilege to enjoy. But before his death he was able to so apprehend Christ by faith as his complete Saviour, as to enter into the experience of perfect love. When this was told me, I said, if Peter Cartwright had entered this experience in early life, what a still more wonderful man of God he might have become, and how many more souls he might have been instrumental in saving!

BANNER OF HOLINESS.

I also saw in a late number of the HERALD a brief notice of a new *Banner*, that has been flung to these western breezes. Will you allow me a little more extended notice of the same?

The *Banner of Holiness* is an eight-page weekly paper, devoted exclusively to the advocacy of spiritual religion, and more especially to the doctrine and experience of holiness. It is published at Bloomington, Ill., at \$1.50 a year, and is edited by Rev. John P. Brooks, of the Central Illinois Conference. It is the organ of the Wesleyan Holiness Association, and is to be the exponent of the great doctrine of Christian perfection, as taught by Jesus Christ, St. John, St. Paul, and the fathers and founders of Methodism.

It has been thought that this great interior of our country needs a paper devoted to this specialty, and the *Banner* is the result of this felt want. We trust that God will make it a power of great good in the land, and that through its instrumentality scores of precious souls will be brought up into the light of full salvation.

L. H.

THE NEWS.

On Tuesday morning, 23d inst., the Pullman express train on the Eastern Railroad, by reason of a misplaced switch, ran into a freight train standing upon a side track, at Seabrook, N. H., badly wrecking both trains, and causing the instant death of Captain Richard Norton, of Gardiner, Me., and fatally injuring five others. Some fifteen were more or less seriously wounded. The tidings produced an intense sensation, as the number of deaths was at first supposed to be much greater. Those who were killed and injured were mostly the occupants of the smoking car. No one in the Pullman cars was hurt. It is said that if all the cars had been provided with the new steam brake and Miller platform, the accident might have been less disastrous. The wrecked cars belong to the Maine Central.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—This fearful and mysterious epidemic, which has been so prevalent in Canada for some months, has at length reached this region. There is scarcely a sound horse in Boston. The omnibuses have ceased to run, and most of the street-car lines. The thoroughfares are almost deserted by vehicles, and the stables are crowded with horses in various stages of the disease, which appears to be of a catarrhal nature. It has been fatal in but few cases. With careful treatment, the animal recovers in about ten days. It is hard to compute or imagine the extent which all kinds of trade and travel are affected by this calamity. Hand-carts, wheelbarrows and ox-teams are vainly endeavoring to supply the demands of business. It is said, however, that in this locality, at least, the worst is over.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY.—The decision of Emperor William in this long-pending dispute between England and the United States, was given last week in favor of this country, by making the Canal de Iro the boundary. Odo Russell, the British ambassador, called upon Mr. Bancroft, the American minister, on the 24th, and congratulations were interchanged upon the termination of the long-standing dispute. Mr. Russell said that the last cause for difficulty between England and America had been removed, and henceforth peace and friendship would prevail between the two nations. The most cordial feeling was exhibited between the two ambassadors during the conversation.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The River Po has overflowed its banks, doing great damage. The latest rumor is that Tweed has fled to Europe.

The postal treaty between the United States and Switzerland is now in operation.

Meetings in opposition to the army conscription system have been held in the Spanish Provinces.

General William Schouler, of Boston, died at his residence in West Roxbury, on the 24th, of cirrhosis of the liver.

A large number of exiled French inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine sailed from London for Canada, last week.

The Spanish Senate has rejected the resolution for the abolition of capital punishment for political crimes.

Mr. Froude in his lectures on Ireland in New York, has been telling some unwelcome truths to Irishmen.

Seventy persons were severely injured at Sheffield, England, on the evening of the 21st, by the giving way of a gallery in a circus.

A conspiracy for the overthrow of the authorities in the Russian province of Caucasus has been discovered, and its leader imprisoned.

The latest advices from Idaho represent a general Indian outbreak imminent. Recently large numbers of cattle have been driven off and many ranchers shot at.

The Chicago Sunday law is creating considerable excitement in that city. Its advocates and opponents are holding public meetings, and the question will be made a political issue.

The office of the Swedish Consul in New York, presented a busy scene last week, the citizens resident in that city placing on record their oath of allegiance to the new King of Sweden.

A German society is organized in New York, whose object is to abolish the office of the President of the United States, and substitute an Executive Committee.

Roussel, who was a member of the communist cabinet and a colleague of Rochefort and others, has been sentenced to death. The communists' trials at Versailles progress but slowly.

The corn crop this year, as summed up by the department of agriculture, will be one of the largest ever grown, and the product of oats and barley will be slightly greater than last year.

M. Thiers has made a proposition to lend England four millions sterling, which the latter has respectfully declined. It was done simply to show the national prosperity of France, and looks decidedly Frenchy.

The annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations was held in Fall River last week. The reports, on the whole, were satisfactory, and the discussions spirited and profitable. The Boston Association expect to hold a fair during the winter, and free themselves of the debt on their new buildings.

REV. BENJAMIN R. HOYT.

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

Rev. Benjamin R. Hoyt, of the New Hampshire Conference, died at Salem, N. H., Thursday, October 3, 1872, in his 84th year. He was one of the oldest, most widely known, and among the early Methodists of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, most highly esteemed ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He was born in Braintree, Worcester County, Mass., June 6, 1789. At nine years of age he moved with his parents to Craftsbury, Vt., where he resided till his seventeenth year. There he was converted at fifteen years of age, under the labors of Rev. Phineas Peck, who then traveled Danville Circuit, extending from Peacham to the Canada line, including more than twenty towns, and embracing most of the present Danville District.

In 1807 he became a resident of Winchester, N. H., where, under the labors and pastoral care of Rev. Asa Kent, he felt called to preach the Gospel, and received exhorter's license, and was also appointed class-leader. The next year, in March, the Rev. Thomas Branch signed his local preacher's license; and in the following August he commenced circuit-preaching on the Ashburnham Circuit, under Rev. Elijah R. Sabin, Presiding Elder. In 1808 he joined the New England Conference, and was appointed to the Needham Circuit. During this year about fifty souls were converted and added to the Church; and among them, the late honorable and lamented Lee Claffis, of precious memory. While on this circuit he preached in more than twenty different towns, enjoying many precious revivals, and suffering much opposition and persecution.

In 1810 he was appointed to the Danville Circuit, Vt., where a powerful revival spread through that and several other towns, — Walden, Cabot, Lyndon, Sutton, etc., etc. The Rev. David Kilburn was his colleague.

At the next Conference he was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, and appointed to the Weathersfield Circuit, Vt. In 1812 he was sent to the Barnard Circuit, and in 1813 and 1814, to Vershire, Vt. During this year he attended a camp-meeting at Williamstown, Vt., which continued over the memorable Sabbath on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought; and he says, "We could hear the low murmuring sound, and feel the trembling of the ground caused by the cannonade."

His appointment in 1815 was at Bristol, R. I., in 1816, at Warwick, Mass., and in New Bedford, 1817, 1818.

In 1819 and 1820 he was stationed in Boston and Charlestown, being then united in ministerial exchange, Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., being at Charlestown. "Our plan was," he says, "I would preach on Sabbath morning at Bromfield Street, meet a class at noon in the altar, preach in the Old North, afternoon, and at Charlestown in the evening."

He had charge of the Lyndon Circuit during 1821 and 1822. The next four years he was Presiding Elder on the New Hampshire District, and reported 889 members, and nine new churches added to the denomination during his term.

In 1827, 1828, he was stationed at Dover, N. H., and in Great Falls, 1829, where, in a great revival, he received into the Church 228 members.

In 1830 he was made Presiding Elder of the Vermont District, and agent also of the Wesleyan University. In four years on this district, he says, he sold \$5,000 worth of our books, which no doubt contributed not a little to the intelligence of the early Vermont Methodists.

He was stationed at Bradford, Vt., in 1834 and 1835, and four years thereafter, he traveled the Plymouth District, N. H., and reported 1,400 additions to the Church during that time. After this, he was four years on the Danville District, and three years on the Claremont District.

He was afterward appointed successively at Haverhill, N. H., East Salisbury, Mass., Greenland, North Salem, and Derry, N. H.

Advanced in years, and becoming infirm, he has since then been mostly on the superannuated list, steadily refusing to receive aid from the funds of the Conference, but earning his living by hard and continuous manual labor.

During the first four years of his ministry he received for his support less than an average of \$50; and he adds, also, less than \$300 annually for the last twenty years. Such a meagre support, especially with those ministers who, like him, have families to educate, tends to create, not only industry and economy, but even penuriousness, which perhaps is a danger to which all poor ministers are exposed, and fortunate are the few who escape. It is equally obvious that the long and severe strain

upon the nervous system incident to the life of an itinerant minister, and particularly that of a Presiding Elder for more than half a century, is quite liable to create a nervous, restless, if not a peevish old age. This we more readily detect in others than in ourselves, even though we may be rapidly drifting into it.

But it is also true that the life, labor, and habits of the early Methodist preachers were admirably calculated to develop strong, energetic, heroic, and self-reliant character, all of which was true of Father Hoyt. He was ever remarkable for a sound, judicious, and judicial mind, far-seeing and well balanced. He was a ready and eloquent speaker, and in his prime possessed great pulpit power, followed by crowds, when and wherever he preached. An unbending integrity and cheerful piety marked his administration of church government, and private association with the ministry and laity of the Church. While a deep and often a delicate sympathy with his ministerial brethren was apparent with him, he was also scrupulously careful of the honor and purity of the Church, two important and valuable qualities in ministerial character, especially so in a Presiding Elder. The Church of to-day in large portions of New England is reaping, and will be to the end of time, the influence of the abundant labors and sacrifices of Benjamin R. Hoyt, who did so much in laying the foundations on which we are now building. Good men, clergymen of different denominations, bore him to his grave, Sabbath day, October 6, from the Salem Depot Church, where his funeral services were conducted by several ministers. An aged widow, two sons, and one daughter of most respectable character survive him; while two daughters and two sons have doubtless rejoined him on that shore of eternal rest and bliss. The Rev. F. S. Hoyt, D. D., editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, and A. H. Hoyt, esq., of Boston, are the two surviving sons, with an affectionate and amiable daughter, residing in Cincinnati, Ohio. When the struggle and storms of this life are over, may it be ours to share in the rewards of the worn and weary itinerant of sixty and seventy years since.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Oct. 7, 1872.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

WESTERN AFRICA. — Rev. Henry Roe has written a most interesting letter respecting the success of missionary labors in Western Africa. He adverts to the early labors of himself and colleague, and describes as follows the conversion of an interpreter: —

"When we first took our interpreter with us into the forest, he knew very little about God and religion. At first he would stand by our side and we would give him a single sentence of Gospel truth, and having caught that, he would turn to the native audience, and repeat it in the native tongue; but it pleased God to work a change in Peter's heart, and that wrought a change in his interpreting. One morning he came to us early, rapping at the door before we were up. I went to the door and there Peter stood. I said to him, 'What is the matter?' and down his tattooed cheeks the big tears were running in rapid succession, and his heart throbbed as he tried to say, 'O, massa, me feel very bad; me troubled too much.' 'What is the matter, Peter?' 'O,' said he, 'yesterday the word flogged me — flogged me; and me go to bed but no sleep, no rest. Me toss about all night till morning, and it be all de same as if God speak to Peter and say, 'Peter, you be no fit to work for me. You go wid de missionary, you help him preach, but you be no good yourself; and you no go again till you be a better man.' And, Peter said, 'me be troubled too much, and go and tell missionary.' I saw the strait Peter had got into, for I had been there before. I took him into a private room, and said, 'It is the Spirit of God working upon your heart, and telling you what you are and what you should be. Let us pray about it, and tell God of your trouble.' And so we knelt down, and I earnestly prayed for Peter and Peter prayed for himself. On rising from his knees he smiled — God had blessed him with peace, 'peace which passeth understanding,' and he commenced to grow in the divine life, step by step. Next time we met in the forest to preach to the people there was a change in his interpreting. We gave him a sentence of the Gospel, and he interpreted it; but did he look up to us for the next sentence? O, no; he continued, and poured out from his heart the things that he had experienced, until the missionaries had to complain and say, 'Peter, how is this? You are our interpreter, and we just give you one sentence, and then you go on all the time, and you don't hear what we have to say.' 'Well,' said he, 'Peter feels that he must preach too.' One day brother Burnett and I were both sick and feeble, and unable to go out of the house. Peter came to us, and said, 'If missionaries be sick, let me go and preach to the people.' We said, 'Can you preach, Peter?' 'Well,' said he, 'I can try.' 'But,' said he, 'you must let me take the Bible that you take, for if the people see me with the book, all the same they will say, Missionary sent him.' And with that as his authority, Pe-

ter went off into the forest, and preached from the fullness of his heart the unsearchable riches of Christ."

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS, is the oldest missionary organization in England, having been organized under a royal charter from William III. in 1701. Its leading objects are to provide for the ministrations of the Church of England in the British Colonies, and to propagate the Gospel among the native inhabitants of these countries. The original design of the formation of colonial churches has been changed to a more general missionary work, in which it has been very successful. It was under the patronage of this Society that John Wesley entered upon his mission work in Georgia. Its principal missions now are in Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, British Columbia, West Indies, Africa, India, and Australia, and in all of them, according to the Society's Annual Report, prosperity had been enjoyed during the past year. The publications of the Society are the "Mission Field," "Gospel Missionary," and "The Net," all of which are ably edited, and contain a great amount of missionary information. The income of the Society for the past year was £97,603.

MEXICO. — *The Christian World* contains a comprehensive statement of the inauguration and progress of Mexican evangelization, as prosecuted by the *American and Foreign Christian Union*, which is of great interest. It gives the following extent and population of the country: —

"According to the latest authorities, the Mexican republic has twenty-six States besides territories, an area of 776,281 square miles — between one fourth and one fifth of that of the United States — and a population of 9,173,052 souls. The northern portion is only sparsely inhabited; for the seven States and one territory which constitute this part of Mexico cover more than half the area of the republic, although possessing but about 1,000,000 inhabitants, or less than one ninth of the entire population. Few countries are less homogeneous. The most trustworthy estimates set down the native or Indian element at about four fifteenths of the whole population; the European at three fifteenths, with the remainder, or a little more than one half, is composed of the mixed descendants of Indians and Europeans."

The following are some of the results of mission labors there under the direction of the *American and Foreign Christian Union*: —

"A deep and truly religious awakening is in progress. *The American and Foreign Christian Union*, though not long in the field [i. e. at the Mexican capital, Ed.] have already set up a printing-press, established a weekly religious paper, gathered forty [now nearly sixty, Ed.] congregations, employed twenty-six laborers, and circulated a hundred thousand pamphlets. Four converted Catholic priests are laboring with great zeal and success among their countrymen in the city of Mexico. The people hear them with great eagerness, and converts are rapidly increasing.

"Disinterested and impartial American residents in the city of Mexico give assurance that the readiness of the people to receive evangelical truth is so remarkable as to render this one of the most promising fields of usefulness in the world. . . . In no country have as great results followed so small an outlay of effort."

Our Social Meeting.

Rev. R. S. Stubbs discourses thus on —
BUTTER OR BLOOD?

The wise man of Israel, Solomon, the compiler of wisdom's poetic literature, has issued this suggestive apothegm — "The churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." Prov. xxx. 33.

The appearance of recent articles on holiness in several of our Church periodicals, has awakened sorrow and alarm in my mind, and leads me to favor churning as the preferable employment and aim of all who write on this priceless treasure of the soul, holiness, perfect love, entire sanctification.

Of one thing I am certain, theological "wringers" have human nature in its poorest moods, on their side; and it seems to be equally self-evident that the churners in Zion have the milk and the cream on theirs.

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; for the wrath of man worketh not righteousness of God." Please observe: James, the apostle of good works, here declares that "wrath worketh not holiness;" on the contrary it "bringeth forth strife."

Now, my dear brethren, I must, or rather, I may, for I have authority, and I have the warrant of experience, to proclaim holiness; I believe it, I love it, and I endeavor to exemplify it each hour. But this I find, whenever, in thought, by tongue, or by pen, I begin to wring, somebody begins to bleed; oftentimes my own poor soul; and holiness lies prone in the polluting dust of my own naturalism; nor can she rise in me, in her spotlessness, until I desist wringing. By wringing, I understand, through the spirit of holiness, whatever occasions irritation, whether it be Christless manner, or matter, or season, or place. When my heart is full of the Spirit, that is the mind which was in Christ, described by Paul, the great teacher of holiness, as "love,

joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Then I can so speak on holiness, that "butter," and not "blood," is the product. O, by the love of God, by the gentleness of Jesus, let all our writings, and words affecting holiness in Zion have the quality of churning, and not wringing. Let us be kind and tender-hearted one to another, for it would be very sad for us in our zeal for the doctrine of holiness to lose any of its sweet spirit. "It is the first step that costs."

"A Retired Man" has this comment on —
"IM-MORAL INSANITY."

I ask to be allowed to call attention to the article in the HERALD, headed as above (October 3). I have despised law and lawyers for many years past; or ever since a certain man forged on me, and then got a jury of doctors to pronounce him insane! (But perhaps I ought to lay equal blame to the doctors). Anyhow, I felt distressed that my old friend, Isaac Rich, should leave money to hatch out any more such characters as wronged me; and this very day I had contemplated writing to a friend to discourage patronage to the Boston "Law School."

I confess, however, there is such a thing possible as restoring the equity and purity of the "practice;" and if an institution of the kind can be the means of a "restoration" from such a vile "bench theology" as I have been obliged to witness and suffer in times past, amen.

I had never heard of the author of that article till I saw his name in that paper the other day in connection with said school; do not know him yet, but hope to come to Boston and make his acquaintance. I wish ministers as well as others to study that article. It will open the eyes of some.

"S. A. P." speaks with earnestness on —
INTEMPERANCE.

In the name of God and our holy religion, cannot something more be done to stay the tide of intemperance? Our young men are going down to ruin by thousands and tens of thousands every year through the medium of intemperance. Wives are made widows, children fatherless, and homes desolate and wretched; and yet the tide rolls on. A sister sees a brother, an intelligent, manly youth, borne down with the tide; her heart breaking with sadness, yet she stands by, powerless to save. The mother has been sent prematurely to her grave through the waywardness of that son; and the father, bowed down with grief, he too, powerless to save; and yet the tide rolls on.

If a thousand wild beasts were loose in our cities and towns, how quickly they would then be hunted down and destroyed. But this demon Intemperance is worse than ten thousand wild beasts, and yet it is allowed, and even encouraged by some of our so-called good citizens. We that profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and His cause, are we doing all we can to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks? Our young men and maidens, old men and women are going down to destruction every day, and yet the tide rolls on.

The Farm and Garden.

HOW MILK GETS SPOILED.—Mr. Willard, in his Ohio address, gives much weight to certain causes which effect a deterioration in the quality of milk — especially the presence of dirt and dust in the pail; the inhaling of foul odors by the cows, at pasture and elsewhere; and the drinking of putrid water.

Instances are cited in which putrifying flesh (as of dead animals) has communicated a taint to the milk in the bag, by simply tainting the air breathed by the cow. Milk in the vat of a cheese factory during the heating of the curd-gave off a smell like that of stagnant water. It was found that one of the patrons had allowed his cows to pass through a narrow slough, the mud of which adhered to their udders. Particles of dust thus got into the pail at milking, and thus introduced fungi from the slough, which multiplied in the milk, and spoiled the whole of it — giving it the odor of the foul water.

Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the cream on his milk to be rosy, examined it with a microscope, and found it infested with living organisms. On investigation he found that the herd from which his supply came, drank the water of "a stagnant pool, located in a muddy swale." The microscope developed organisms in this water of the same sort with those found in the milk. The same were also detected on a microscopic examination of the blood of the cows. That the cows were in a diseased condition was shown by the thermometer test — they being hot and feverish. A little of the same filthy water was introduced into milk which proper tests had shown to be pure, and in due time "the same filthy organisms multiplied and took possession of it in vast numbers, producing the same character of milk as that first noticed."

This investigation, made by a careful observer, proves conclusively that the germs of disease and of a milk-spoiling ferment can be introduced into the blood and into the udder, by simply allowing the cow to drink unsuitable water. It holds out the plainest possible practical lesson to the dairyman; and if he disregards it, and so misses his opportunity for making good cheese and butter, he has only himself to thank. It shows that the cleanliness of a dairy farm must be radical, thorough, and all-pervading. No filthy mud should be allowed to dry into a dust that may foul the pail; no foul odors should taint the undrawn milk; and the drinking water should be free of the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump" — cow, milk, and all.

OVERWORK AND WANT OF SLEEP.—Overwork causes a great deal of ill health in farming communities. Very many farmers in their efforts to avoid idleness, which they consider a sin and a shame, go to the other extreme, and lose both health and happiness thereby. While industry tends to health, overwork breaks down the constitution, and shortens life. It injures both the body and mind, and if long continued, results either in death or premature old age. For this sin, and sin it is to overwork, there is not nearly the excuse on the part of farmers which there was twenty years ago. Now one has machines to take, in a great degree, the place of hand labor, and the farmer who will use them need not break down his health by working too hard. But it is not the farmer who is most liable to overwork. The farmer's wife is generally the greater sufferer. Every day in the year, Sundays not excepted, she has much to do. Often there is as much required of her as two women ought to perform. As the result of her overwork health is lost, and she either dies long before her time, or lives only to suffer the penalties of the law she has transgressed. For this course there is no justification. No woman ought to work herself to death, and no man is justified in requiring or allowing his wife to do so. He ought to furnish her with household machines; and if her health is poor, either help her himself, or hire a girl to help her. This killing himself and his wife, which so many farmers do, for the sake of laying up a few dollars which they never expect to use, and which they cannot carry with them when they die, is a miserable speculation as far as profit and loss are concerned, and a sinful, shameful thing for any man to do.

Want of sleep is one of the chief causes of much of the physical and mental trouble of farmers and their families. During the busy season, when the farmer rises at four in the morning, and works until six or seven in the evening, then eats his supper, does his chores, and sits up an hour or two later to read his paper or chat with a neighbor, he does not obtain sleep enough to keep either body or mind in perfect health and vigor. The evil consequences of his course may not be apparent for many years, but sooner or later they will come. The waste of the brain is not fully made up. Little by little it decays, and insanity or incurable disease is the final result of using the hours which should be devoted to sleep for other purposes. Farmers' wives, who are often kept awake at night by the exhaustion caused by overwork, or by the crying and fretting of children, are the greatest sufferers, and year by year a vast number of this class go to the insane asylum or the grave. It is slow but certain suicide to curtail the hours of sleep, and no man, woman, or child need expect to long continue in health without taking the fullest amount of quiet rest. — *Working Farmer.*

THE PREPARATION OF TEA.—The definite effects sought from tea-drinking over and above the mere comfort given by the hot liquid are produced by two ingredients of the leaf, — the alkaloid *theine* and the aromatic matter. The latter is what is chiefly valued by the refined connoisseur of tea; and accordingly he (or she) makes tea by pouring perfectly boiling water on a pretty large allowance of leaf, drinking off the first infusion, and rejecting the rest. Made in this manner tea is, no doubt, not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a most useful restorative; but, unfortunately, so far from being cheap, it is a costly beverage, and the poor cannot afford to drink it. The plan which they adopt is that of slow stewing, the tea-pot standing for hours together upon the hob. The result of this kind of cooking is that a very high percentage of *theine* (and also of the astringent substances which are ruinous to fine flavor) is extracted; and the tea, though poor enough as regards any qualities which a refined taste would value, is, says *The Lancet*, decidedly a potent physiological agent. — *Nature and Science, Scribner's for October.*

Obituaries.

WALTER TILDEN, familiarly known as "Father Tilden," was called home by his heavenly Father, June 25, 1872.

His pilgrimage was a long one, of many experiences, but ever bright. Of the eighty-seven years he spent in the flesh, for more than fifty he was an earnest, loving member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For twenty-two years a member in Gurleyville, in 1844 he removed his relation to Tolland, of which Church he was a member at death. For forty years he professed, and visibly enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. He was on fire with love of it; and when he met his friends, his chosen topic was "holiness," complete and precious. The best of it was, that suffering did not damp his love and ardor. After a long and painful trial with one of his eyes, he said, "It has done me good to be afflicted," seeming to "glory in tribulations also." And when the last hours drew near, and he struggled for every breath, his faith still triumphed, and his utterances were full of song and praise. "We must serve God with understanding," were among his last words.

Sunday morning, his Lord's day, the faithful child crossed Jordan, and the waves were low and peaceful as he went over. His chair stands yet where it used to do, and seems to speak for him — a precious reminder of a Christian life. Truly, "our fathers die well."

And the children die well, too. Religion and Methodism are not "dying out." **FRANK H. HOLLAND**, a youth of 17, was converted, in January of this year, in the village of Eagleville, near South Coventry. He soon joined the Church as a probationer; was baptized on the 7th of July, at the same time with his parents; and seemed, from the very first, to "grow in grace, and the knowledge of God." I have never seen a convert whose soul seemed to expand under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness as did Frankie's. Loving, earnest, sober, devoted, he "delighted in the ways of the Lord," and left no doubt, in the minds of even his unconverted companions, as to the genuineness of his conversion.

We were hoping much from Brother Frank; but God wanted him, and after a long illness (typhoid fever), he ended his probation on the 21st of September, differently from our expectations, joining in full the Church triumphant before he had the Church militant. But his death, like his life, was a positive witness to grace. Even in delirium his only words

were song and prayer and praise. Said one who watched with him, "I never understood the words, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' as I do now." Truly, Frankie had a clean heart, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Eighty-seven and seventeen! the "father" and the "child" in the same glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb, forever!
G. DE B. STODDARD.

Mrs. HANNAH J. HASKELL, wife of Corydon K. Haskell, and daughter of William and Hannah Sylvester, died in Jay, Me., July 23, aged 38 years.

When our dear sister was but a child she gave her heart to Christ, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a consistent member till He called her to Himself. She was always ready to show her attachment to the cause of Christ, and to promote the interests of the Church; but her light shone with fairest lustre in the quiet circle of her home. In her daily duties she was prompt and energetic; never complaining, always ready to take up and carry her burdens, she looked well to the ways of her household. As sister, daughter, wife, and mother, she was sympathizing, loving, faithful. With that sunny temper which always sees the bright side of things, her life was singularly happy. It was the beautiful expression of her simple trust in God's tenderness and faithful love. But even to us who knew her best, her death was a most wonderful triumph of faith. It must have been hard to release her hold upon her happy earthly home; to give up husband, children, aged parents, and the dear household band of sisters and brother, then unbroken by death. But if it cost a struggle, it was only known to the dear Christ upon whose breast she leaned.

During those days and nights of dreadful suffering her faith and patience never failed — not for a moment. "Talk to me about Jesus," "Sing," "Pray," "Blessed Jesus," were the words most constantly on her lips. And when at last the summons came, she looked with yearning love into the agonized face of her husband, and said, piteously, "God will be good to you," kissed her dear ones all "good by," and calmly fell asleep in Jesus. We buried her at sunset; and the golden glory of the western sky fell softly upon her grave as we sorrowfully left the dear remains to sleep among the whispering pines till the resurrection morning. She can never come to us, but God grant that in His own good time we may go to her, and be an unbroken family once more in heaven. C. A. S.

J. C. THOMPSON died in Attleboro', Mass., Aug. 28, 1872, aged 62 years.

Brother Thompson was converted at the age of 17, and for more than forty years witnessed a good confession of faith in Jesus. For several years he served the Church in this place very efficiently, both as steward and trustee. His last illness was brief, and attended with the sustaining power of heavenly grace. The night previous to his death he frequently beckoned to friends unseen by the friends at his bedside, and exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" The next day, while we were singing his favorite hymn, —

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly," —

Jesus came, and received the trusting spirit of His suffering child to Himself. An affectionate husband, kind-hearted father, and beloved brother in the Lord now rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. W. H. S.

Attleboro', Mass., Oct. 14, 1872.

Mrs. SARAH C. BAKER, wife of Alexander B. Baker, and daughter of the late Capt. John Edmunds, of Portland, Me., died in Ashland, Mass., Oct. 2, aged 40 years and 6 months.

She was converted, and joined the Chestnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Portland, under the pastorate of Rev. Wm. McDonald. By successive removals she was subsequently connected with the Hanover Street Church, in Boston, Walnut Street, in Chelsea, Harvard Street, in Cambridge, and finally was one of the original members of the Church in this place.

Sister Baker was a devoted Christian, and an ardent Methodist. Those who knew her most intimately testify to her constant prayerfulness and abundant labors in the cause of religion. Though unable to give a dying testimony, we have the better evidence of her life to assure us that she has entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Ashland, Oct. 18, 1872. A. O. HAMILTON.

MARY E. JOSLIN was born Jan. 6, 1847, and died in Keene, N. H., Oct. 8, 1872.

Sister Joslin was converted six years before her death, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Keene. She was connected with the choir as organist for thirteen years, and was a great lover of church music. She loved the Sunday-school, and took delight in the prosperity of the Church. For the past two years consumption had been doing its terrible work in her system; but she was very patient and submissive during her afflictions. She leaned upon Christ, and trusted His word, and was blessed with a wonderful peace of mind. Even in the hour of death, as she gradually passed away, she made the arrangements for her burial, bade her friends good by, and told them she was going home to die no more, and invited them to come too. She fell asleep in Jesus, and left a clear Christian testimony to comfort a large circle of relatives and friends. T. L. FLOOD.

Died, in South Hadley Falls, Oct. 2, **CLIMENA DAY**, aged 65 years.

She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place many years. Her labors, prayers, and tears, bore witness to her deep interest in the Church of her choice. She suffered much in her last sickness of five weeks. Her trust in Christ as her present Saviour was constant. A little before she died she repeated, with peculiar emphasis, the verse, —

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

Soon after she said, "I'm going where all the saints have gone. God is love, God is love." Conscious she was going, she closed her own eyes. Her words ceased, but a pleasant smile remained upon her face. J. J. WOODBURY.

Resolutions passed by the Trustees of the Dorchester Methodist Episcopal Church, on the death of Mr. C. HENRY, son of Josiah Webb, who departed this life June 22, 1872, aged 31 years.

Whereas, it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove by death the late Treasurer of this Board, Mr. C. Henry Webb; therefore, —

Resolved, 1. That in his death we mourn the loss of one who, by his rare and cultivated talents, by his integrity of character, and by his genial and generous disposition had won for him a large place in our affection, and created in us large expectations of his future usefulness.

2. That we record with gratitude the interest he has taken in the affairs of the Church, and especially our high appreciation of his service as leader of our songs of praise in the house of God.

3. That while we deeply mourn his loss, and keenly feel how great is the vacancy it has left, we bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well, and believe that in wisdom and love He hath done it all.

4. That we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, who by this dispensation have lost a faithful and dutiful son, and a true and loving brother.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in *ZION'S HERALD*.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Lynn District Conference, at Ipswich, Oct. 26-31
 Sunday-school Convention, at Alfred, Me., Nov. 7, 8
 Providence District Sabbath-school Institute, at Trinity Church, Providence, Nov. 12-14

IMPORTANT TO HORSEMEN.—Inflammation cannot exist where Prof. "ANDERSON'S DERMADOR" is applied. Fresh wounds, Galls, Caulks, Bruises, are dried down and healed without inflammation. Scratches, Sand Cracks, Swellings and Sprains, cured by a few applications. A thorough use will also cure Sweeney, Poll Evil, Windgalls and lameness, from whatever cause.

For Garget, Sore Teats and Bags, and all Sores and Swellings on Cows and Oxen, it is invaluable.

It is equally effectual on man in all cases where a good Liniment is needed. See advertisement in another column.

Please give the following notice a place in your reading columns:—

J. W. MCINTYRE, publisher of "American Sunday-School Worker," St. Louis, offers Sunday-schools for 1873 the international series, or choice of three other courses of lessons. Wide-awake superintendents and Sunday-school teachers had better send for a specimen copy (free), and full information.

MALTREATING A COUGH.—Beware of irritating potions and of opiates. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is a sovereign, swift and peerless remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, difficulty of breathing, and all bronchial ailments. There is no other reliable antidote. Crittenton's, 7 6th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1870.
 DR. R. V. PIERCE:—For the past six months I have used your Golden Medical Discovery in my practice, and in that time I have tested its merits in severe coughs, both acute and chronic, in chronic diseases of the throat, severe cases of bronchitis, general derangement of the system, constipated condition of the bowels, and wherever a thorough Alternative, or blood purifier, has been indicated. In all cases I have found it to act gently, yet thoroughly and effectually in removing the various diseased conditions, and bringing about a healthy action throughout the system.
 Yours, fraternally,
 H. L. HALL, M. D.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

THE HORSE DISTEMPER.—Among the various remedies recommended for the prevailing epidemic, nothing equals the *Neuropathic Drops* prepared by B. O. & G. C. Wilton, Botanic Druggists, 20 Central St., Boston. Many of the largest owners of Horses, Express, and Horse Railroad Co's., are using it with complete success. It is prompt in its action, and perfectly safe in all cases.

A SEWING MACHINE WORKED BY THE BLIND.—The following letter from Dr. Howe, of the Blind Asylum, received by Mr. J. H. Fowler, manager of the Weed Sewing Machine Company, 349 Washington Street, gives information which will be of interest to many of our readers, and is strong testimony as to the simplicity of the Weed machine:—

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND, Boston, Sept. 30, 1872.

To the Agent of Weeds Sewing Machine.

Dear Sir,—Your machine has had a fair trial by our pupils, and I am happy to say that they succeed perfectly in using it.

I send you some samples of work done upon it by one of our young ladies, totally blind, without any assistance from seeing persons, she threading the needle and doing all the work herself. The work speaks for itself and for the machine. Faithfully,
 SAM'L G. HOWE.

BOSTON MARKET.

October 26, 1872.

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Business Notices.

The Centaurs of old



—were half horse and half man. They conquered with animals—conquered mankind—lived upon the flowers of the century plant—made one of their number God of the healing art—transferred their name and home to the constellation Centaurus—and raised the devil generally. But the great Centaur Liniment for stiff joints, rheumatism, swellings and lameness upon man or beast, is now astonishing the world. And astonishes because it does its work.

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 OUR ENTIRE CUT STOCK OF OVER \$100,000 IN VALUE, comprising a varied assortment of RICH AND ELEGANT CARPETS, is thrown upon the market at a great sacrifice to close out the same, as our entire room is imperatively needed for our wholesale business.

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Solid English Brussels, \$1.75 up.
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Two-ply Ingrains, 50 cents to \$1.
 Three-ply at very low prices.

A variety of Carpets, of bright colors and durable texture, resembling three-ply for 50 cents per yard.

Solid Floor Oil Cloths for 2 shillings per yard.

Over 1000 remnants of high grades, from 1 to 30 yards each at less than cost of production.

Over 1000 Crumb Cloths with borders, at about half price.

Over 2000 Rugs and Mats, of high grade and cheap.

Sheet Oil Cloths to cover floors, in one entire piece; all cut stock at a sacrifice.

Upwards of 100 different patterns of Stair Carpets for 25 cents to the highest grades—all under price; Matting all sorts.

Church and Office Carpets, Dundee and Hemp Carpets, from 25 cents up.

Particular attention is called to our FINE AND HIGH GRADE GOODS, which are among the really cheapest stock we offer in this sale.

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Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—Sanford's Liver Invigorator.—A purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick-headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach, and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of Imitations.

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SANFORD'S Compound Hamamelis,

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Which is also the best authenticated remedy for many affections of Man and Beast, such as:

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 And let it float upon the breeze,
 But thirteen stars it showed the world,
 Where'er it waved, on land or seas.

To such dimensions has she grown,
 We number, now, almost two score;
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 Our power extends from shore to shore.

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Thousands are "getting ready" now
 For chilling frosts and driving snow;
 Their buildings many will repair
 To close them 'gainst the piercing air;
 The farmer gathers in the grain,
 And stores them with the greatest pains;
 Sets things all right about the home,
 Then proudly says, "Let Winter come."
 The Boys are off for GEORGE FENNO'S
 To buy a suit of "Winter Clothes"—
 Coat, Pants, Vest, Hats and Shoes complete,
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Adamson's Balm cures Asthma, Coughs, Colds Lung Complaints. Price 25 and 75 cents.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.
 Cattle, 2,597; Sheep and Lambs, 11,578; Swine, 18,900; number of Western Cattle, 1,385; Eastern, 92; Working Oxen, Cows and Northern Cattle, 450. Cattle left over from last week, 600.

Working Oxen. The supply in Market is not large, and the trade for Workers remains about the same as it has been of late. We quote sales at \$21.50, 180, 182, 183, 175, 165, 150 @ 145.

Sheep and Lambs. There were several hundred Lambs sent to butchers from Maine this week, costing about 5 cents @ 8. From the West the supply was light. Western Lambs costing 8 1/2 cents @ 8. From the North the supply was larger than that of one week ago. Prices fell off about one-quarter of a cent @ 8 from our last quotations.

Swine. Store Pigs—wholesale, 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2 cents @ 6.50; retail, 6 1/2 @ 7 cts. @ 8. Columbia Pigs—wholesale, 5 @ 10 cts.; retail, 6 @ 7 cts. Fat Hogs—18,900 at Market. Price 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 cts. @ 7.

REMARKS.—The supply of Cattle from the West was not so large, by several hundred head, as it was one week ago. The quality, upon an average, was better. There were not so many Texas Cattle among them as has been coming of late. Prices were not much if any different upon the best grades of Cattle. The trade opened duller than it has for several weeks past. Some of the best lots of Cattle were taken at a commission.

The Cattle from Maine were mostly Stores; but a few Beeves or Workers among them.

Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CLAREMONT DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.
 November—Webster, 2, 3; Contocook, 8, 9, 10; Surpise, 8; Grantham, 9, 10, 11, 12; Crofton, 10, 11, 12; Newport, 10, 11, 12; Hillsboro' Bridge, 9, 10, 11, 12; Coolidge, 10, 11, 12; W. W. Prescott; East Washington, 10, 11; Hillsboro' Centre, 17, 18, 19; Wilmet, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
 [In full next week.] J. PIKE.

BUCKPORT DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.
 December—Castine, 14, 15; Lubec, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; W. Lubec, 24, 25; Eastport, 28, 29; S. Pembroke, 31 Jan. 1.
 [In full next week.] C. B. DUNN.

READFIELD DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.
 November—Farmington, 28, 29; East Livermore, 31, Dec. 1.
 [In full next week.] J. COLBY.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.
 November—Island Church, 16, 17; Maryland Ridge, 23, 24; S. Elliot, 10, Dec. 1.
 [In full next week.] A. SANDERSON.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION for a part of the Boston District will be held at Auburndale, Thursday, Nov. 21. Programmes will be furnished in due season. See HERALD next week.

The Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church held their opening services in the audience room of Moran Chapel, next Sabbath, Nov. 2, at 3 P. M. Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., will preach. Will the friends who wish us well come and see us on that occasion?
 W. G. L.

ST. ALBANS DISTRICT PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—This Association will meet at Colchester, commencing Tuesday evening, Dec. 10.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.—Presiding, Tuesday evening, by C. W. Widger; Alternate, J. E. Beaman.
 Wednesday, 8 A. M., Prayer-meeting for the work on the District, led by W. D. Malcom, 1 1/2 P. M., Sermon on Entire Holiness, by A. L. Cooper; Alternate, A. B. Truax. Prayer-meeting immediately following, led by H. H. Bennett. Evening, Sermon to the Unconverted, by W. Underwood; Alternate, J. Wallace.

Thursday, 8 A. M., Love-feast.
 LITERARY EXERCISES.—From 9 1/2 A. M. to 12 M., on Wednesday, and from 9 A. M. to 12 M., on Thursday, will be devoted to literary exercises. District Conferences—Shall We Have Them? P. F. Ray, L. C. Dickinson; "Holiness and Recreation," W. R. Puffer, H. H. Bennett; "Duty of the Hour in Relation to Temperance," O. M. Boutwell, H. A. Bushnell; "Family Government," C. Wedgeworth, M. D. L. Johnson; "State of the Dead," H. Webster, S. Donaldson; "Mission of the Holy Spirit," D. P. Bragg, M. R. Barney.

EXERCISES AND SKETCHES: Titus 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Alternates not taking the place of the principals, and local preachers not named above, will present essays or sketches on subjects of their own selection.

W. D. MALCOM, for Committee.

St. Albans, Oct. 14.

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CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

If you are stuffed up, Try it. It is good.
 If your throat is sore, Try it. It is good.
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FASHIONS FOR WINTER.



1170



1133



861

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